

# The Sketch

No. 682.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

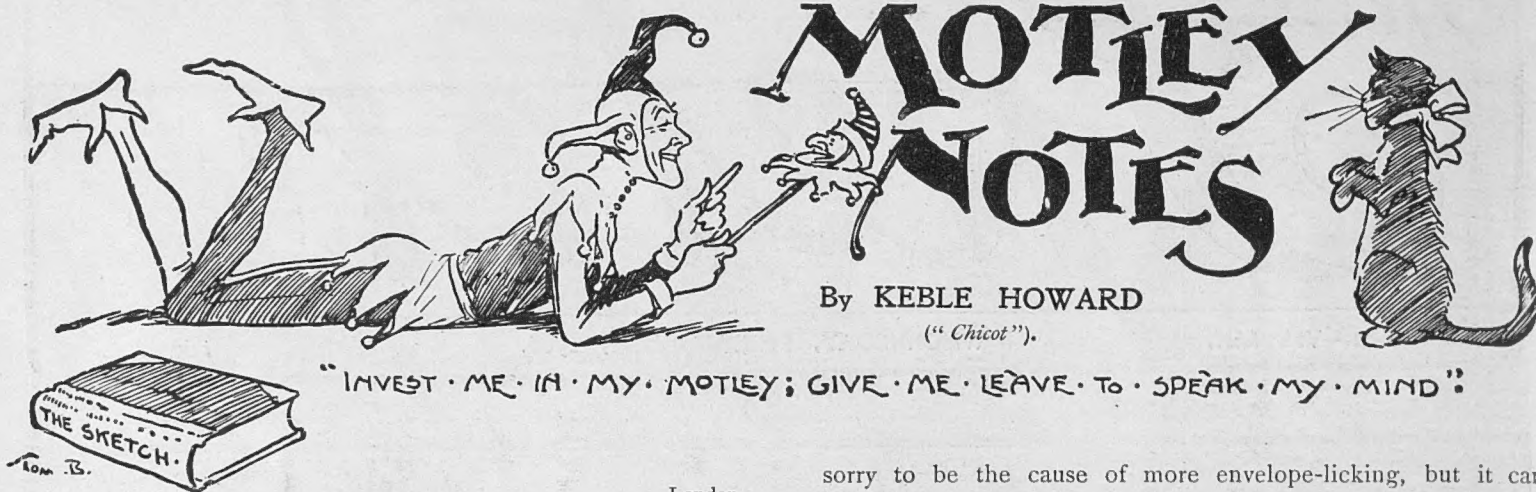


*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.*

THE GIBSON GIRL WHO HAS MARRIED A PEER: LADY DE CLIFFORD, FORMERLY MISS EVA CARRINGTON,  
OF THE VAUDEVILLE AND THE ALDWYCH.

Lady de Clifford was one of the Gibson Girls in "The Catch of the Season," and has been playing a small part in "Bluebell in Fairyland," at the Aldwych. Her marriage to Jack Southwell Russell, twelfth Baron de Clifford, took place in a London registry office on Friday last. Her real name was Eva Chandler. Lord de Clifford, who succeeded to the title when he was ten years old, attained his majority last year.





JUST a word, by the way, with reference to these good people who send one charming picture-postcards from all parts of the world and forget to write their names on them. I have a very faithful memory, but it fails me on two points: I cannot remember names and I cannot remember handwriting. Faces, of course, we all remember. Somebody flashes past you in the Strand. You catch an impression of the face, a look in the eyes, a turn of the chin. The chance meeting probably recalls some phase of your life that has long since been forgotten. You wonder, as you avoid the next fourteen collisions, when and where you knew the scoundrel. It is just the same with handwriting—at any rate, it is just the same with me. I remember the thin sweep of the long stroke in the "K": the general look of the stuff is more or less familiar. But, if my dinner depended on it, I could not tell you the name of my correspondent. As I write, for example, there lies before me a charming picture of the Seine. Save the address, there is not a scrap of writing on the postcard. Who sent it? I don't know. But this I know, that when the man returns to London, and meets me in the club, and shakes me by the hand, and asks me how I have been all this long time, I shall fail to identify him with the sender of the postcard. He may or may not be cross. I think he will be. His handwriting looks like that. Another enemy!

London.

The postcard is not, perhaps, an ideal mode of communication. One looks so silly, on coming down rather late to breakfast, when one realises that everybody at the table is fully posted in one's private business. Yet the postcard has one very great advantage over the letter: it does away with the unpleasant necessity of licking the envelope. I should like to take this opportunity of pointing out to all those kind friends whose letters have not received a personal reply that my health will not permit of my licking more than fifty envelopes a day. It is the sickly taste of the gum that knocks me up. I buy the best envelopes, but I have not yet succeeded in discovering an appetising gum. As a matter of fact, the stock that I am working through at present has a two-fold danger: in addition to gum-poisoning, there is a grave risk of cutting the tongue with the edge of the flap. This, for some reason or other, has curled a little, and the edge is awfully sharp. People who know a great deal about these things tell me that it is better to lick the envelope than the flap; but I have tried that, and the beastly things won't stick down. I know one man who, after sticking down the flaps, places his letters under the family Bible. Nine times out of ten, though, he leaves them there, and discovers, just after sitting down to dinner, that the spirit-merchant hasn't sent the whisky. Well, what can the poor spirit-merchant do if the letter ordering the whisky is still lying under the family Bible?

Do you remember the "Hard Cases" that used to form such an interesting feature of *Vanity Fair*? I think they have dropped them now, so that I may be allowed to put before you a little "Hard Case" that has recently come under my notice in actual life. Here it is:

*A is a reviewer of novels. A's wife is a novelist. B is a novelist. A's wife writes a novel. A year or two later, B, who has not read the book by A's wife, writes a novel. In B's novel there is an incident which, it seems, is vaguely reminiscent of an incident in the novel by A's wife. A, who must be a man of uncharitable disposition, writes a slating review of B's book, and practically accuses the poor young man of plagiarism. What should B do?*

There is the "Hard Case," and I shall be happy to forward a copy of B's novel to the reader who sends the best answer on or before the last day of this month. Postcards will be out of order (I am

sorry to be the cause of more envelope-licking, but it can't be helped) and the solution should be given in six words or less.

"Men," said the Emancipated Girl, "are all alike." (She is emancipated because she lives at a club for women only, has a latch-key, and sometimes stays out as late as twelve o'clock.)

"Are they?" I replied. The sound of her voice, together with the smoke of my cigar, had a very soothing effect. I wouldn't have argued with her for worlds.

"Of course." The restaurant was nearly empty. She lit a cigarette with an air of devilment, and dropped the head of the match on the tablecloth.

"Go on," I murmured.

"Men," said the Emancipated Girl, struggling to remove the cigarette from her lip without taking any skin with it, "are so terribly conventional. They dress alike, talk alike, have the same silly old ideas about women, read the same books, drink the same drinks, get married at the same age, cultivate the same virtues and the same vices, and—well, all that sort of thing."

"In short—" I felt that the time had come for an epigram. It had, too, but she couldn't think of one.

"In short, you all conform."

"Perfectly true. Now tell me something," I pleaded, "about women."

"Surely you are not going to admit that you don't know everything about women?"

This was bitter sarcasm. The waiter went behind a pillar to cough.

"I want to prove it." This answer, as I had intended, muddled her. But she accepted the challenge.

"Women," she announced, "are capable of originality. They allow themselves to be swayed by instinct, emotion. They disregard conventions—at any rate, they would if they wanted to. The really educated girl to-day does just whatever seems right in her own eyes."

"How about dress?" I suggested.

"Dress," declared the Emancipated Girl, "is different. One must dress like other people. But that's our only concession."

I paid the bill—the Emancipated Girl, to my astonishment, didn't protest—and we left the restaurant. It was just on midnight.

"Where are you going now?" I asked.

"Home. That is," she added hastily, "to the Club, you know."

"May I come?"

"Certainly."

I pictured a cosy hall, lounge chairs, a big fire, a cluster of beautiful Emancipated Girls lolling in elegant attitudes and smoking cigarettes.

"Good night," she said, as we reached the steps.

"But mayn't I come in?" I protested, gasping with astonishment.

"I'm afraid not. Everybody will have gone to bed."

"Never mind. We'll sit up, have a drink, and finish our discussion."

"You can't do that. The lights are out, there's no fire, and no whisky. Good night."

She slipped inside—just a shade more nimbly than was actually necessary—and slammed the door. I walked to the edge of the pavement and stared up at the black, gloomy windows.

"What are you laughing at?" asked a policeman.

"I'm so happy," said I.

"You'd best move along," suggested the policeman.

"I will," I promised him. "I'll move along to my club, where we all talk alike, think alike, and drink the same drinks."

"Alf yer luck," said the policeman.

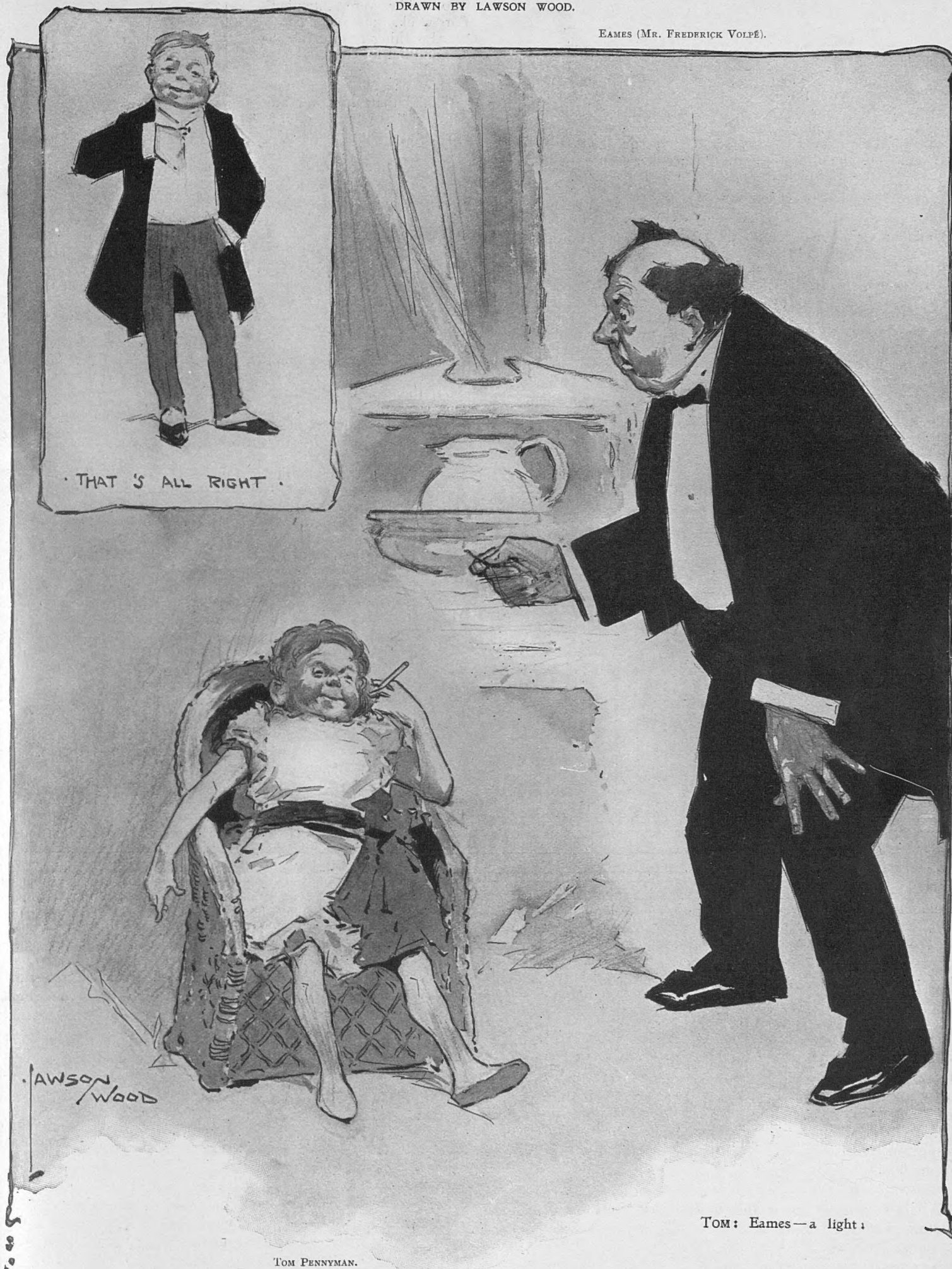


# "THE INFANT ROSCIUS" AT THE CRITERION.

TOM PENNYMAN.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

EAMES (MR. FREDERICK VOLPÉ).



TOM PENNYMAN.

## MASTER EDWARD GARRATT AS TOM PENNYMAN AS BABY IN "THE LITTLE STRANGER."

Mr. Walkley does not like "The Little Stranger," and the fact is the basis of an amusing paragraph in the *Referee*. This runs as follows: "It is to be remembered," says the critic of the *Times* in writing of "The Little Stranger," "that no less a judge than Cicero thought deformity 'satis bella materies ad jocandum.' In that respect we can lay no claim to be Ciceronian." Nor, indeed, could Cicero claim to be a Walkleyan.

'The Little Stranger'? Not for Joe!  
But just the thing for Cicero;  
Our Mr. Walkley tells us so,  
Not Marcus Tullius Cicero.  
It's good enough, as such things go,

For you and me—and Cicero,  
But not for Walkley, oh, dear no!  
He does not think like Cicero.  
Which serves to show, by quid pro quo,  
That Walkley is not Cicero."



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Threatened Rising in Natal—A Personal Experience—Pietermaritzburg in the Days of the Zulu War.*

THE wave of anxiety which is passing over Natal in view of the threatened native rising brings back to my memory a similar time of apprehension—for "scare" is not the right word to use—which came upon the Garden Colony a quarter of a century ago, and of which I had some experience. If I tell my story it may show home-staying people, who have never known anything worse than a fright of burglars when the stairs have squeaked or the cat has been shut into the drawing-room by mistake, what the dread is of a native onslaught, which means torture and massacre.

Those of us who were in laager at Helpmakaar (which is Dutch for "Help one another") had gone through the experience of the return from Isandula after the massacre of the force left there, and the relief of Rorke's Drift, and we had felt all the despondency which comes with the reaction when, after great exertion and great excitements, the consciousness of defeat settles down on an unsuccessful army. Anything very distasteful or depressing leaves just as clean-cut a mark on memory as anything very enjoyable, and I recall distinctly those days when we were cooped up at night behind breastworks of mealie-bags, and when every day brought rumour after rumour of invading hordes passing over the Natal border, or advancing to sweep away our ill-furnished little gathering of armed men, which was, with Pearson's force, besieged at Etshowe, the sole buffer against a Zulu invasion.

Typhoid carried off a man or two each day, and the burials, the ordinary work of camp, and the shooting of a spy, were the

had made all my purchases, and the parcels had been sent off to the people for whom they were intended. For weeks my own corps heard nothing from or about me, and but for the fact that the doctors were looking after me as a most interesting case, and that, though I ate nothing, I was running up a most portentous hotel bill, I might have been dead for all anybody connected with me knew.

When there came a time when I ceased to fight with imaginary Zulus, and no longer attempted to strangle the old soldier who patiently sat by my bedside, the knowledge that everybody about me was prepared to make tracks for the fort at a moment's notice came to me. When the Zulu impis showed upon the town hill three guns were to be fired from the fort, and every man, woman, and child in the

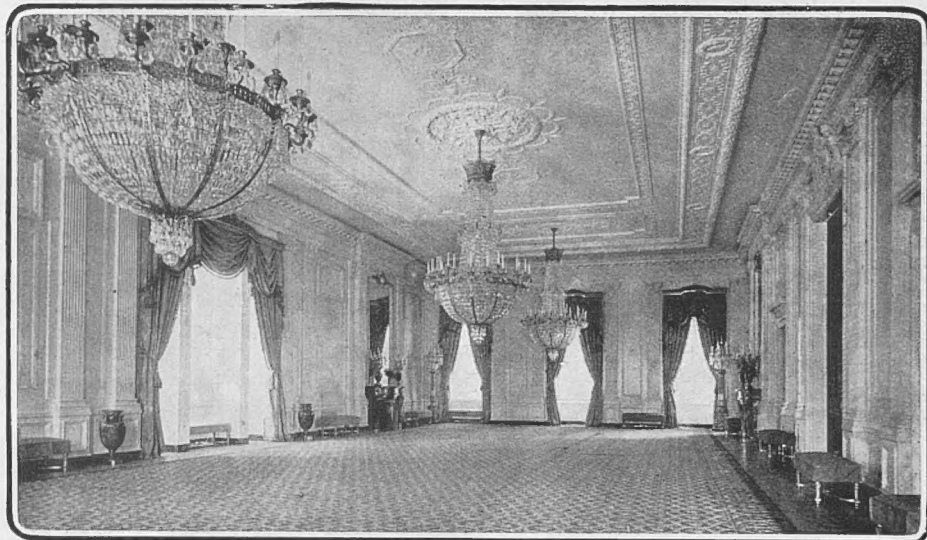


THE MOTOR-SKATE IN USE: A FRENCH PIONEER OF THE NEW FORM OF LOCOMOTION.

*Photograph by Branger.*

I was so weak that I could not raise a hand, and I was grotesquely deaf through having absorbed an extraordinary quantity of quinine; but I could tell that everybody was waiting day and night for the boom of those three guns, and, in my helplessness and extreme weakness, a great fear came upon me that I should be left, unable to stir, in an empty hotel until there should come a rush of yelling brown men through the door and a flicker of assegai-blades before I was stabbed to death.

A good fellow, a doctor, told me that, when the three guns were fired, he would bring his old shooting-pony, an animal I knew, down to the hotel, and that he and the pony together would get me up to the fort, and I knew that he would keep his word. The Zulus never came, and as I gradually crept back to be a live creature again, the fighting instinct returned, and I felt ashamed that the fever should have reduced me to the spiritless thing I had been; but even now I sometimes go back in memory to those helpless nights when I could not sleep, could not move, could not speak, and when I lay, conscious but utterly helpless, listening for three guns to be fired; and I sympathise with the people who are going through, to some extent, the suspense which I suffered.



THE SCENE OF THE WEDDING OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AND MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH: THE EAST PARLOUR, WHITE HOUSE.

*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*

only incidents of those nerve-shaking days. There were no blankets for the force, few great-coats, and the medical stores were running short. I was told to ride across country, catch the mail-cart on its way down country, post letters, hurry up the most necessary stores, buy some of the necessaries of life for the officers, who had lost everything—matches, tooth-brushes and all—and get jam, tobacco, and "squareface" for the various little camp messes, those being the luxuries for which there was a craving.

The steadfastness of the British Colonials I met on that ride across country impressed me more than anything else has ever done with the quality of "hold fast" which is to be found in those of British birth. At the wide-scattered farms, at the stores on the veldt tracks were men and women who did not know from hour to hour when a sea of bloodthirsty Zulus might not make a clean sweep of everything living on the little estate; they knew less concerning what had happened than the men on the border did, most of them had relatives in one Volunteer corps or another of whom they had no tidings, and all they had heard was that the greater part of the British force had been annihilated and that Natal was open to invasion. The thought of leaving their farms and stores had not, however, entered the minds of these settlers. The natives of the kraals near at hand would give them notice of any immediate danger, they said, and that would allow time enough to decide what was to be done, whether to fight or hide.

I reached Pietermaritzburg as a sick man, though I did not recognise the fact. I ascribed a shocking headache and wild dreams at night to having swum a river with the midday sun strong on my head; and it was not until I had done some involuntary ground-tumbling when I thought I would go and lunch at the club that an ambulance was sent for and I was taken to a room at the hotel, as bad a case of typhoid fever as ever any doctor took a pride in keeping above ground. Luckily, I had carried out all orders and



THE STATUE OF JUSTICE ON THE NEW OLD BAILEY, UNVEILED FOR THE FIRST TIME LAST WEEK.

It will be noted that the head bears some slight resemblance to that of the famous statue of Liberty that overlooks New York Harbour.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*



## THE DEVELOPMENTS OF ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

IN the progress of Photography nothing has been more striking than its rapid conquest of the whole field of pictorial illustration, as one comparison will show. When Lord Palmerston died, in 1865, the leading illustrated journal in London promised its readers that his portrait should be engraved IN A FEW WEEKS. Now, many morning papers illustrate the events of the preceding day, and Carl Hentschel, Ltd., the firm which provides most of the blocks for such illustration, contracts to supply urgent engravings IN A FEW HOURS from the delivery of the originals.

The story of Carl Hentschel, Ltd., a London Firm, which, by British, and even American admission, leads the whole world's craft of Photo-Engraving, is, in a quite special sense, a personal narrative. Mr. Carl Hentschel's father, the late Mr. August Hentschel, working in London in the late 'sixties and the early 'seventies, foresaw that Wood Engraving was too slow to cope with the growing demand of illustrated journalism, and, after much original research, evolved a method of reproducing drawings by mechanical engraving on metal. Carl Hentschel, as a lad, worked day and night assisting his father to develop his various inventions.

Belief in his future induced Carl Hentschel at sixteen to undertake what was practically a managing position in one of the two or three houses which then made up the Photo-Engraving craft of the Metropolis. In 1887, while still in his very early twenties, he started in business for himself at 182-3, Fleet Street, with six hands, the number having steadily increased to 400 at the present date.

Half-tone, as the craft knows it to-day, was not practised when Mr. Carl Hentschel in his teens first worked in process; but George Meisenbach, with his invention of a cross-lined screen, laid down the foundation of that Half-tone Process which has revolutionised modern illustration. In course of time Mr. Carl Hentschel treated successfully for the purchase of the business. Thus the world-renowned Meisenbach House became part and parcel of the Hentschel concern.

After devising one important illustrating process and acquiring the rights and goodwill of another, the next step was the scientific study of Colour Engraving—its optical, chemical and mechanical laws, conditions, and phenomena. The result has been that the firm's Colourtype Department now possesses certain very important and very rigidly guarded secrets, on which its success in Colour Engraving mainly depends. This Hentschel-Colourtype Department is housed in new, spacious, and splendidly equipped premises at West Norwood, under the management of Mr. Albert T. Clarke.

Very early after Mr. Hentschel's 1887 start it was found necessary to secure room in which to grapple with this extra newspaper work. Buildings were speedily occupied at 1 and 2 Hen and Chicken Court; then 184, Fleet Street was added to 182 and 183. An electrolyting and stereotyping foundry was set up at Goldsmith's Street, Gough Square, off Fleet Street, and on these foundry premises a reserve photo-engraving studio was equipped. Yet another studio was provided close by as a reserve in case of accidents.

In fact, the three concerns controlled by Carl Hentschel have

taken leading parts in giving to the world:—

1. The modern Illustrated Journal.

2. The successful Commercial Catalogue.

3. The Book Beautiful.

Roughly these three may be said to be the product of 182-3-4,



THE LARGEST STUDIO IN ENGLAND.

Fleet Street, of the Meisenbach Works (at West Norwood), and of the Hentschel-Colourtype Works at Knight's Hill.

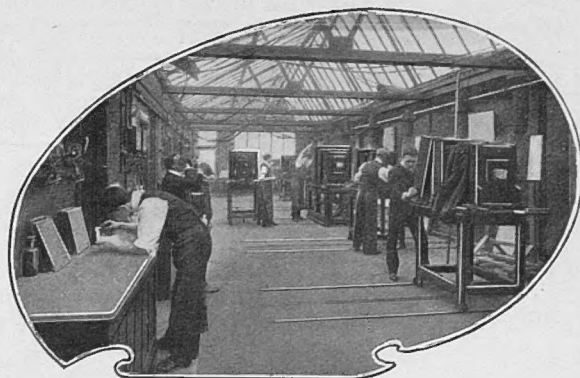
The processes worked by Carl Hentschel have been one of the powers which entirely revolutionised Illustrated Journalism and the Popular Press in the Nineteenth Century, and the Twentieth Century opens with a new achievement—the reproduction of colour by Photography, by the aid of the Hentschel-Colourtype Process. Regarding the first, the *Daily Graphic* and the *Daily Chronicle* were the earliest to realise the new power and the access of journalistic fortune which Hentschel engraving "offered" for the editor's "taking"; the *Daily Graphic*, by the way, being the first daily paper to make use of Meisenbach half-tone blocks, an example followed by many of the important Daily Newspapers in London and the Provinces, whose readers are now familiar with Carl Hentschel's Blocks.

The first weekly papers to use Meisenbach blocks were the *Lady's Pictorial*, *Illustrated London News*, *Sporting & Dramatic News*, and the

*Sketch* may claim to be the first sixpenny entirely illustrated with Process Work.

The modern Illustrated Catalogue, with its branches in the form of advertisements in the magazines, is a factor in retail trading. Manufacturers

abroad are securing many contracts for their goods owing to the good use they make of well got-up Illustrated Catalogues. Unless English manufacturers desire to be left in the rear it is imperative that they should realise that a good Illustrated Catalogue brings business. The Meisenbach Co. is the catalogue department of the Hentschel aggregation. It does EVERYTHING in catalogue production. And it has recently developed a new speciality, most successfully used in the General Election—the photo-mechanical poster.



ONE OF THE COLOURTYPE STUDIOS.

The Book Beautiful, with its wealth of colour illustrations, at a reasonable price, has been almost entirely the work of the Hentschel-Colourtype Process, who made the reproductions for that grand series of "Beautiful Books" issued by Messrs. A. & C. Black, and hailed as the greatest achievements of the last two publishing seasons. Two of the daintiest books of the series are Mrs. Allingham's "Happy England" and "Homes of Tennyson," which have been highly praised by the most fastidious critics, as has Mr. Arthur Rackham's "Rip Van Winkle," published by Mr. William Heinemann. When the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours gave sixty of their members' original drawings as a Coronation present to the King, the pictures were reproduced in a sumptuous volume by Hentschel-Colourtype, and of his proofs Sir L. Alma-Tadema wrote:—"If all the prints are as good as mine it will indeed be a fine book."

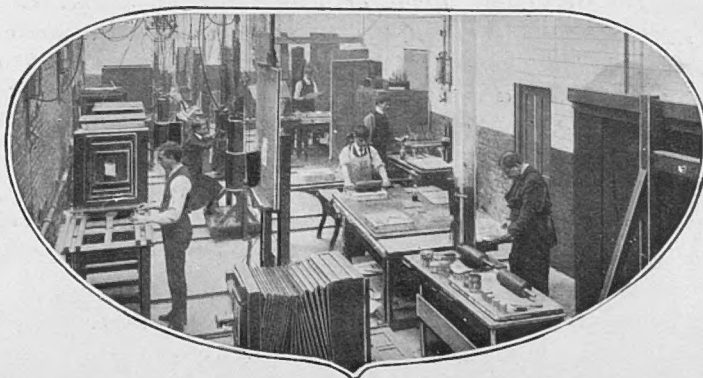
Hentschel-Colourtype is founded upon secret methods, and is unique among trichromatic processes. Perhaps it should be very briefly explained that its plates are prepared in accordance with the theory that blue, yellow, and red can and do give, when mixed in the proportions, any and every other visible colour. Mr. Carl

Hentschel has spent many years in costly experimenting to bring the process to a successful, practical basis. The results of the work during the past few years have fully demonstrated its commercial and artistic value.

One striking feature of the success of this process is, that an industry which has in the past been monopolised by Germany has now been created in England, and it has been admitted that the finest colour work is now produced and printed in England by the aid of English labour.

Amongst those who have shown their practical appreciation of one or all of the Hentschel concerns, and whose support is the guarantee for future success, are, the Government, which has employed the firms for reproducing South Kensington and other treasures; the County Councils, who use much illustration in their technical work; the great manufacturing and retailing houses of the kingdom; and the principal firms of general printers, and of book and magazine publishers.

A growth, in less than twenty years, from six to four hundred assistants, means much; the artistic and financial success of the businesses means more; but the greatest guarantee of future stability and progress lies in the fact that the very latest development is the most successful and popular; and that the demand for all classes of Hentschel work is still growing, and growing rapidly.



ONE OF HENTSCHEL'S MANY STUDIOS.



CARL HENTSCHEL, C.C.



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**SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."**

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

**GENERAL NOTES.**

THE future Queen of Spain is already being much fêted by her English friends, and Madrid seems likely to be transformed into a British city during the Royal marriage festivities, which will, according to latest rumours, take place the first week in June. The Hôtel des Reservoirs at Versailles, where Princess Henry of Battenberg and her young daughter have just enjoyed a brief rest, is one of the most stately and beautiful hostelrys. It is close to the château, and has a private entrance to the world-famous gardens. There many Queens in exile have made long sojourns, notably Nathalie of Servia. The King of Spain has never seen the Isle of Wight. It is said that he may pay there an incognito *novio* visit to his fiancée.

This (Wednesday) evening, instead of yesterday as was originally intended, the Comedy Theatre opens its doors to the admirers of Captain Marshall and Mr. John Hare. The latter is certain of a warm reception, for no actor whose voice is heard in the Green Room is more popular with the great public. Captain Marshall's admirers will naturally hope that his reception will be no less cordial than Mr. Hare's, but the author's comes after the play, while the actor gets his at the beginning. Still, Captain Marshall invariably does score a brilliant success, so the augury for the evening is of the happiest, for politics are in the ascendant at the moment, and the company engaged for "The Alabaster Staircase" is a strong one, including as it does such well-known names as Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. Leslie Faber, Mr. Arthur Playfair, Miss Granville, Miss Sybil Carlisle, Miss Helen Luck, and Miss Lottie Venne, in addition to Mr. Hare.

It is a curious fact that during her career at the Gaiety all the songs Miss Gertie Millar has hitherto sung have been by her husband, Mr. Lionel Monckton. This record has now been broken, for she has just had two new songs introduced into "The Spring Chicken," one of which, "Jumps," is by Mr. Ivan Caryll. In the other, called "In Rotterdam," by Mr. Lionel Monckton, she appears as a Dutch boy. She is supported by a chorus of twelve diminutive Dutch boys, dressed exactly like herself, and she succeeds in making a distinct impression in a decidedly novel character.

**THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**

HEINEMANN.	CHAPMAN AND HALL.
Blue Jay. Peggy Webling. 6s.	The Bishop's Apron. W. Somerset Maugham. 6s.
WARD, LOCK.	CONSTABLE.
The Girl in Waiting. Archibald Eyre. 6s.	A Young Man in a Hurry; and Other Stories. Robert W. Chambers. 6s.
BROWN, LANGHAM.	E. GRANT RICHARDS.
Here and There. H. G. Keene, C.I.E. 10s. 6d.	The Same Clay. James Blyth. 6s.
Christopher Deane. E. H. Lacon Watson. 3s. 6d.	HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
T. FISHER UNWIN.	Lady Elizabeth and the Juggernaut. E. Everett-Green. 6s.
Recreations of a Naturalist. James Edmund Harting. 15s.	CASSELL.
EVELIGH NASH.	The Mystery of the Shadow. Fergus Hume. 3s. 6d.
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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



IN spite of Court mourning, this week has begun brilliantly, especially interesting having been the show of new Peeresses at the opening of Parliament. Among them were several strikingly beautiful women—indeed, in this matter neither of the great parties has a monopoly. Perhaps the prettiest woman among the Resignation Peeresses is Lady Desborough, still better known by her old name of Mrs. Willie

Grenfell; while Liberals congratulate themselves on the supreme loveliness of Lady Colebrooke, whose name, it seems, is to remain the same. Although the Levée may be shorn of something of its splendour by the Court mourning, it is likely to be, from the human point of view, particularly interesting owing to the presence of many new faces. To-day (21st) Lord and Lady Farquhar give a reception in honour of the West Marylebone District of the League of Mercy, the excellent charity in which the present Princess of Wales is so deeply interested. To-morrow sees the marriage of a very important eldest son, Lord Cranley, to Miss Bampfylde, the wedding taking place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and there is scarce an evening without some notable political dinner or reception.



MR. SPEAKER:  
THE RT. HON. J. W. LOWTHER.  
*Photograph by Bassano.*

*John Peel's Successor.* With all that has been said of the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, the re-elected Speaker, everybody who knows him can agree. Of his skill in guiding the debates of the House, of his absolute impartiality, his unwearying patience, his genial humour, and all the other attributes which go to the complement of the ideal Speaker, those whose business takes them to the House are well aware. But how many people recognise in the Speaker the successor of John Peel of immortal memory? When John Peel died, his famous pack was secured

by the late Mr. John Crozier, and the blood of those famous hounds ran in the pack which he hunted for three score and more years. At the death of this veteran, Mr. Lowther succeeded to the Mastership of the Blencathra Hunt, and to proprietorship of descendants of the hounds, of which was sung—

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death?  
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?  
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath  
Curs'd them all as he died in the morning?

It was from a meet of these same hounds that Mr. Lowther rode to his nomination for his seat the other week.

*A Bride-Elect.* Lady Mabel Crichton, who will have been engaged rather longer than is now the fashion, will be one of the prettiest brides of 1906. She is tall and fair, and she and Lady Evelyn Ward are among the loveliest and the most brilliant-looking sisters in society. Her fiancé, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, is one of the five sons of the late Duke of Westminster, and his nephew, the present Duke, is his senior by some years. The families of Crichton and Grosvenor are already closely connected owing to the fact that Lord Crichton married Lady Mary Grosvenor. Such double marriages are

now quite usual, a case in point being that of the present Earl of March, who finds himself twice brother-in-law to Lady March's brother, Mr. Leonard Brassey. It is as yet uncertain as to where the marriage of Lady Mabel Crichton and Lord Hugh Grosvenor will take place. Her parents, Lord and Lady Erne, have been very faithful to Ireland, where their house-parties at Crom Castle are famous; on the other hand, if the wedding takes place in London, it is sure to be attended by members of the Royal Family.

*A Star in the East.* England, the home of freedom, is deeply sympathetic towards the Russian people in their struggle for release from tyranny.

Out of the sympathy has sprung our intense interest in Russian literature. Tolstoy the whole world accepts as a seer; Gorki as a man with a message, the passionate cry from whose heart issues from the lips of the characters in his gloomy novels. Dmitri Merejkowski, the English translation of whose "Peter and Alexis" has just made its appearance, has a different appeal. He is not only a novelist, but psychologist, artist, and poet. He is a cultured classicist, and first attracted attention by delicate translations of Æschylus and Sophocles. The scenes in which his great romances are laid he has visited; steeped himself in their legend and spirit, assimilated their atmosphere. There are two sides to a man's character, his pagan and his spiritual, and both, so his novels preach, are equally legitimate and sacred.



THE AUTHOR OF "PETER AND ALEXIS":  
M. DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI.



THE FUTURE LADY HUGH GROSVENOR: LADY MABEL CRICHTON.  
*Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.*



*An Irish Beauty.* By her marriage, at least, Lady Weldon can claim to be an Irish beauty. Few men are more popular in Dublin Society and at the Viceregal Court than Sir Anthony Weldon, whom Lord Aberdeen has just made his Vice-Chamberlain, and who, as A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley, won golden opinions in the military world. Lady Weldon was before her marriage Miss Winifred Varty-Rogers, the daughter of a noted officer. Sir Anthony and Lady Weldon's marriage was one of the great military social functions of the winter of 1902, and their baby son and heir, born a year later, is a godson and namesake of Lord Wolseley.

*The Tunnel: Why and Why Not.* Just as the County

Councillors were putting a tired foot into the train for London, after a week which represented seventeen hours a day of perpetual feasting, they were shown a model of the Channel Tunnel prepared by the Northern of France Railway. In the dim and distant childhood of the world, there was no need for a tunnel. Thousands of years ago, when the Briton wanted to call on Brother Gaul, he simply waded himself in his Sunday style and walked across without wetting his feet. There was already a Trans-channel traffic, no doubt. Antediluvian man and beast tramped across the "Continental" neck in plenty. Nowadays, notwithstanding the *Entente*, a widening process is going on. The Channel gets broader every year by a foot or so. The question is: Shall we tunnel the Channel or not? The French are very keen, quite understandably; but John Bull is less keen. Of course it is a nice idea to make Paris the suburb of London, so that whenever you got bored with the British Sunday— But there are other things. What about that diversion of traffic from Liverpool and London in favour of Marseilles? Still, the new brooms of the House of Commons might look at the matter differently: one never knows.

*Lady Alfred Douglas.* There have been many marriages of poets, from the days of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett downwards. An interesting example in our own time is that of Lord and Lady Alfred Douglas. Lord Alfred has written verse both grave and gay, including a volume of really brilliant nonsense - rhymes, signed, if we mistake not, "The Belgian Hare." His wife, as Miss Olive Custance, was known as the writer of much delicate poetry. Their little son, who bears the family name of Sholto, is three years old.

*Princess Patricia and Lord Anglesey.*

The rumour that Princess Patricia is to marry the youthful Marquess of Anglesey has made quite a sensation. The head of the Paget family is not yet of age, and his succeeding his cousin so early was, of course, quite unexpected by him, and by his mother and sisters. He is immensely wealthy—even richer, it is pointed out, than was the Earl of Fife at the time of his marriage to Princess Louise of Wales; and his two sisters are both future Peeresses.

*The Kaiser's Motor-Cars.* The German Emperor possesses

five motor-cars, of which four are of German make and one of Italian. The latter, which is a present from the King of Italy, is the one which the Kaiser prefers, and last year he covered the distance from Hanover to Hamburg in it in three hours and twenty-seven minutes. As the journey by road is not much short of two hundred miles, he must have driven at very nearly a mile a minute. The Kaiser's cars are all painted dark yellow, and he employs seven chauffeurs. It is rather curious that in the Imperial stables are three hundred and fifty horses and three hundred carriages, most of which the Emperor never uses.

*An American Queen in London.*

In American society there is anxiety lest some handsome, dashing young Peer should win the heart of Miss Whitelaw

Reid, the only daughter of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador in London. There is excuse for the fear, judging by the fact that there are on this side of the Atlantic upwards of four score American belles of yester-years who now bear titles—British mainly. Miss Reid, however, is devoted to her mother and father and only brother. She will have much to do with the festivities which are being organised for the reception in London of President Roosevelt's charming married daughter. When not in London, Miss Reid will spend a good deal of her time at Wrest Park, the beautiful old Bedfordshire seat of the late Lord Cowper, which her father has rented for a term. The visits there of Miss Reid's friends should serve to introduce a number of people to one of the sights of England. Near by, in the little church, is a mausoleum containing a host of the finest marble tombs in England, but nobody seems to know of them. The cost of them must represent a King's ransom. There lie the De Greys of many a generation.



THE WIFE OF THE VICE-CHAMBERLAIN TO THE VICEROY OF IRELAND: LADY WELDON.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



A POET WHO WEDDED A POET: LADY ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: MISS WHITELAW REID.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.





AN EARL'S FRUIT AND FLOWER SHOP: ELVASTON FRUIT STORES, WHITEHALL, A LANDMARK THAT IS TO BE ABOLISHED.

The Earl of Harrington has kept the Elvaston Fruit Stores for a good many years, but the time has come for its demolition, and we shall soon know it no more. Harrington House, in Craig's Court, at the corner of which the building stands, was once the residence of the Harrington family.

Photograph by the Photo. Press Agency.

None will cavil at the choice that has made Mr. Owen Seaman editor of *Punch*, vice Sir F. C. Burnand, retired—not even those nine hundred and ninety-nine Englishmen in a thousand who believe that they can direct the *Times*, write a play, or run the *doyen* of Britain's comic papers better than anyone else. "O. S." has long been familiar to the lover of humour as a writer of light verse who combines wit and knowledge in the happiest manner; and to the inner circle of the initiated he is known also as a "staff man" of proved ability. Like Sir Francis, he is a Cambridge man, although it does not appear that he contributed to "The London Charivari" while he was an undergraduate. His first appearance in the pages that have been opened to so many brilliant artists and men of letters was on the 13th of January, 1894, when he contributed a parody of Kipling's "Rhyme of Three Sealers," under the title "The Rhyme of the Kipperling." As parodist, indeed, he is best known, but he has done also, and is doing, admirable verse on political events. He was thirty-six when he joined Mr. Punch's regular staff in 1897, and he has been assistant editor of the paper he now directs for the past three or four years. His published verses include "A Harvest of Chaff," "In Cap and Bells," "The Battle of the Bays," and "Borrowed Plumes."

Paris is awaiting with a lively interest the visit of Sisowath, King of Cambodia, and successor to Norodom. Sisowath will not only travel with the usual Oriental retinue of cooks, chiropodists, barbers and musicians, but he will bring a hundred dancers with him. "Can't come without my dancers," he said to the French Government, when they invited him to France, principally to attend the Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles. "Well, bring the girls," said Republic, "pleasant like." And so the hundred Cambodian ladies are coming to Europe. It is only fair to Sisowath to say that the hundred are not to be confounded with ballet-girls. They are in a certain sense priestesses. Their dancing is part of the mystic ceremony of the ancient religion of Khmer. In the depths of vast forests, in the weird crypts of Cambodian temples, these young women learn the business of the sacred dance. Their teacher is the Buddhist bonze dressed in his peplum of yellow silk. To the twanging of the three-stringed guitar, the shaking of tambourines, the ringing of silver bells, and the clashing of cymbals of copper, the troupe performs its rhythmic dance according to the unchangeable ritual. Meanwhile, the yellow-robed priests chant a melancholy liturgical song.

### A Fascinating Spectacle.

No spectacle could be stranger or more fascinating. The dance takes place in a dreamy half-light and in the fairy magnificence of a Buddhist pagoda. Upon the heads of the dancers are golden tiaras; their bodies are clothed in satin tunics, blue, red, or green, braided with gold; their lower limbs thrust into trousers of black silk. Round the waist is a large embroidered scarf, the ends of which fall to the knees. Heavy bracelets surround the arms, the wrists and the ankles. Upon the breast is a marvellous example of filigree work, studded with precious uncut stones. In cadenced movements the dancers convey the subtle philosophy of the Asiatic religion. It need hardly be said that Sisowath will not be allowed to set a precedent; otherwise, when M. Fallières is invited, he might insist on bringing with him the corps de ballet of the Opéra, who are State functionaries, even if they interpret no religion except choreography.

"The Same Cow." Everybody who can manage to do so has gone off to the Riviera to enjoy the sunshine and the beautiful scenery. Familiarity having bred contempt, the natives have forgotten that their country is beautiful, and are apt to astonish a visitor. A short time ago a traveller was going from Ventimiglia to Genoa. On the left were the mountains covered with snow, and on the right the blue sea. Suddenly the train stopped, and the traveller, anxious for information, put his head out of window, and seeing the guard passing by, said—"Is this Bordighera?" "No, Sir," replied the official, "it is a cow on the line." Presently the train went on again, only to stop when it had gone a few hundred yards; so the traveller put his head out of the window a second time, and remarked sarcastically to the guard—"Another cow, I suppose?" "No, Sir," returned the official, unmoved, "it's the same cow."



THE NEW EDITOR OF "PUNCH": MR. OWEN SEAMAN.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Pity the Poor Amateur! Mr. Bernard Shaw's somewhat cruel onslaught on amateur theatrical clubs recalls the fact that several important charity matinées and performances are announced for the coming six months. There are, of course, quite a number of Society players who are really gifted, and whom the public, in town or country, are always eager to see. The Chatsworth company, as they may well be called, is a case in point; both Mrs. Willie James and Miss Muriel Wilson are good actresses, belonging, too, to the utility type seldom found "resting" for long. Several of the better-known amateur theatrical clubs form a valuable seedling ground for the "real stage," as the playwright whose work is now always acted at the Court Theatre must be in a position to know better than most people.



THE AMERICAN'S CRAVING FOR LIKENESSES OF HIS PETS: A LADY ARTIST MAKING A MODEL OF A PRIZE-WINNING HORSE FOR ITS OWNER.

America is particularly interested in its dumb pets just now, and the result is a craze for their likenesses. To meet this the animal artist is working his hardest.





MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH'S MOTHER-IN-LAW: MRS. LONGWORTH.

Mrs. Longworth, the widowed mother of Congressman Nicholas Longworth, who was married to Miss Alice Roosevelt on Saturday last, lives at Rookwood, the family homestead in Cincinnati.

have been stolen. Weeks elapsed before it was discovered; and then it was found in an old cigar-box beside the bed of Lord Lawrence. It had lain there, it is believed, all the time.

*Gay Dublin.* At the present moment the Irish capital seems to have a monopoly of gaiety. Lord and Lady Aberdeen have made a splendid start, and are proving that they are jealous for the social honour of the Liberal party. "The Castle" is the centre round which clusters all that is best and brightest in the Irish world, and the Viceroy is apparently determined that the season of 1906 shall eclipse all those that have preceded it. Drawing-rooms, dances, Levées, and dinners succeed one another almost daily, and the various Irish industries in which Lady Aberdeen has for so long taken a practical interest are having a golden time. Dublin is the happy hunting-ground of the curio-hunter, and many exquisite wedding gifts, Royal and otherwise, come from the famous old city.

*A Hampshire Hostess.* The Hon. Mrs. Dalgety, of Lockerley Hall, near Romsey, is the youngest of Lord Rathdonnell's three charming daughters, who all married soldiers, and cavalymen to boot. It is hard to believe that over eight years have sped since Miss Pauline Caroline McClintock-Bunbury married Captain Frederick John Dalgety, 15th Hussars, on a glorious June day. A year afterwards her elder

*Lost! The Koh-i-Noor.* No matter what the occasion, mention of Prince Duleep Singh, whose case has again been occupying the attention of the Court, always brings to mind stories of the famous Koh-i-Noor, that priceless jewel surrendered by his father to Queen Victoria. Visitors look for it in the jewel-room in the Tower, but it is never there; it is represented by paste. A not inconsiderable history of India might be written round that stone. A bloody history it would be. The wonderful thing is that the diamond, after all the thrilling adventures to which it had led while coveted by Indian Princes, came by its strangest mischance while in British keeping. Lord Lawrence had charge of it in India prior to its being brought home to England. One day it was missing—the most famous diamond in the whole world appeared to

*Mad Midas.* The story that Mr. Rockefeller has been hiding himself for the last two months in order, it is alleged, to avoid the service of the subpoena upon receipt of which he must attend to give evidence to the tribunal before which the Standard Oil Trust is on trial, is too impossible for belief in the twentieth century. Men have lost their memories and wandered from continent to continent unconscious of their own identity, but not the richest man in the world. He might forget, but others will remember him, especially a man of such curious physical characteristics as this missing witness. Strange things may happen, of course, to a millionaire. "Chicago" Smith was always believed to be a poor man until he died. There was a vastly rich man in this country a few years ago who suddenly became possessed of the belief that he was beggared. His sons, to comfort him, pretended



MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH'S FATHER: THE LATE JUDGE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

Judge Longworth was a noted jurist, and acquired a large fortune. He had three children—Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the Comtesse de Chambrun, and Mrs. Buckler Wallingford, of Cincinnati.

to rescue some portion of the estate. For twenty years that man toiled laboriously in his own office as a clerk for thirty shillings a week. In reality he could have written a cheque for a million.

#### *A Moroccan Decoration.*

So far from being frightened by the Conference at Algiers, the Sultan of Morocco is more than ever determined to assert his independence, and, as a proof of it, he is about to institute a Shereefian Order. The colour of Morocco being red and that of the Prophet green, the new Order will have a red ribbon with a narrow green border, and it will consist of Chevaliers, Officers, Commanders, and Grand Crosses. Morocco thus comes into line with the other Mussulman Powers, and it is safe to say that in a few years' time there will not be many members of the Continental Diplomatic and Consular services who will not wear the red-and-green ribbon of the Sultan of Morocco.

*Lady Dudley.* The "reign" of Lord and Lady Dudley will be long remembered in Ireland as by far the most successful, because the most sympathetic, of modern times. Their Excellencies were deeply moved by the unexampled popular demonstration of sorrow when they left the Erin they had loved and served so well; indeed, Lady Dudley broke down and wept. She comes of the fine old Norfolk stock of the Gurneys, but, losing her parents in early life, she was practically adopted and brought up by Adeline Duchess of Bedford. Her marriage to the Earl of



VISCOUNT HOWICK, HEIR OF EARL GREY, WHO IS TO MARRY LADY MABEL LAURA GEORGIANA PALMER, ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD SELBORNE.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

up by Adeline Duchess of Bedford. Her marriage to the Earl of Dudley, the great, wealthy Worcester-shire Peer, took place in 1891, and she is the happy mother of two boys and three girls. One of her daughters is the goddaughter of Queen Alexandra and of Princess Patricia of Connaught. Lord Dudley was appointed Viceroy of Ireland in 1902, and his simple, straightforward character, as well as his keen love of a good horse, took the warm-hearted Irish people by storm.



A HAMPSHIRE HOSTESS: THE HON. MRS. DALGETY.

*Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.*

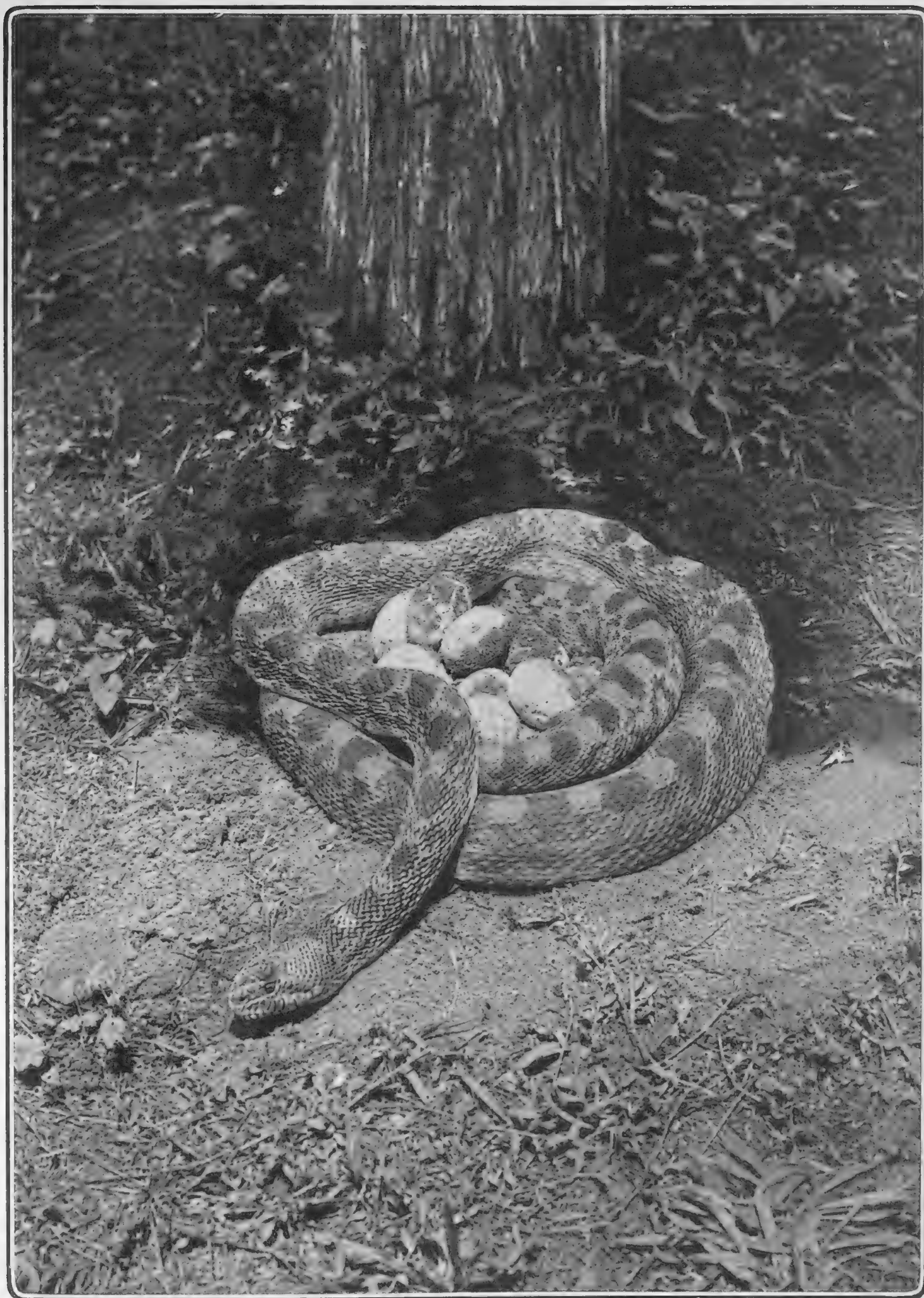


THE EX-VICEREINE OF IRELAND: LADY DUDLEY.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



## A BULL-SNAKE HATCHING ITS EGGS.



## A PINE-SNAKE AND ITS "NEST."

"Bull-snake" is a popular name in the United States for a member of the genus *Pituophis*, or pine-snake. The serpent hisses loudly if disturbed, but it is of mild disposition and non-poisonous.

*Stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.*





By E. A. B.

**The Great Unknown.**

The most popular portrait on the market at present is that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He is not a rich asset to the caricaturist, for he does not wear eccentric collars, an eye-glass, a flower—albeit, he is an authority on the carnation—nor distinguish himself at golf. On the whole, however, the caricaturists manage extremely well. Altogether, "C.-B." is by this time about as well known to the man in the street as was Mr. Gladstone. In this he is more fortunate than one of his predecessors. A stranger took a vacant place at dinner in a certain club of the period, and after he had gone, the other guests, charmed with his manner and conversation, asked his name. The waiter replied, "That's the Prime Minister of England, Mr. Canning," and forthwith quitted his employment, declining longer to serve so ignorant a company.

**Premier and Lords Spiritual.**

That their days may be long in the sees to which they have been appointed will, of course, be the wish of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman respecting the Bench of Bishops. The day may come, however, when he will have to appoint successors to some now reigning. Mr. Gladstone was wont to aver that he never had an application for preferment to a bishopric, though there were those who would write applications for minor places backed by such inducements as this: "The father of the young lady to whom I am engaged is a member of the — Club, where a large bust of yourself was recently unveiled." Sir Henry will become accustomed to missives like this; but he will be spared any conflict with high authority over the Episcopal Bench such as some of his predecessors experienced. Pitt had his eye on Tomline for the Primacy; George III. had different intentions, so popped round to the house of his nominee. "How d'ye do, my Lord? Come to tell you that you're Archbishop of Canterbury," he said—"Archbishop of Canterbury; d'ye accept?" "The good man acquiesced, and the monarch trotted off, saying, "You've got a party—see all their hats here; go back to them." The enemy was fore-stalled.

**"Quack-Quack?"—"Bow-Wow!"**

Whatever difficulty the problem of the Chinese on the Rand may prove to hold for Lord Elgin in his capacity as Minister for the Colonies, there can scarcely arise such embarrassment as presented itself to the present Peer's father when he met the Chinese at home. It was while he was on his first mission to China, and the specific occasion a great State banquet. Ministering to the wants

of the Briton was a waiter who had the Chinaman's normal command of pidgin-English. A dish which was savoury yet apparently not wholly unfamiliar in flavour was presented to the Ambassador. Unostentatiously he sniffed and tasted, and felt on sure ground. To make seeming certainty doubly sure, he turned to his man. "Quack-quack?" he queried, pointing to his plate. The man smiled his blandest as he barked, "Bow-wow!"



FORTIFICATIONS BUILT BY TRAMPS: THE MINIATURE CASTLE AT THE MANSFIELD WORKHOUSE.

The miniature fort here illustrated was built by tramps under the supervision of Mr. G. J. Hammond, master of Mansfield workhouse and an ex-Army man. A couple of cannon have place in it, but it performs peaceful office by housing the weighing-machine.

Photograph by J. H. Morgan.

no more. All that was necessary was his Lordship's permission to assume that death had taken place. Lord Langdale was not prepared to grant the permission at once, and the application was renewed three years later.

**A Legal Enoch Arden.**

In a novel or a play, the hero would read the report of the trial in the newspapers and turn up in court to claim his rights. Not so in this instance. The order was duly made, and by his Lordship's instructions, forwarded to the proper office to be entered and registered, and what not. There were

many pairs of hands into which the papers might have passed, but they fell to a certain individual, who read the particulars with a good deal of agitation. That clerk, called upon to register the death and consequent division of the estate, was the very "dead" man himself! Something or other had happened in early life which rendered it advisable for him to lie low. He let it be believed that he had fled the country. Instead, he had assumed another name, and in course of time entered the office where eventually he was called upon to register himself dead. Needless to add, that deed was not executed; he lived to reclaim his own.



PRODUCED AS PROOF THAT AN ESTATE IS HAUNTED: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A "GHOST."

The photograph reproduced above was brought forward as evidence in a trial held in one of the Russian Courts. The defendant in the action had refused to pay for an estate he had purchased, on the ground that an avenue in the park attached to the castle was haunted by a ghostly woman in white, who had been seen by hundreds of moujiks and had driven his wife almost mad with fear. The photograph, which he alleged was an actual picture of the apparition, was shown as proof of his statement. The plaintiff's reply to this was that the lady depicted is a well-known Princess resident in Moscow, and not a ghost.



# OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



**A BRIGAND-PRIEST: FATHER MATHEW PUTILIN, HIGHWAYMAN AND MAN OF RELIGION.**

Father Putilin, a Russian priest, has been sent to penal servitude for life. Outwardly a most religious and benevolent man, he was in secret a brigand who, in company with his two brothers, was wont to waylay travellers on the high road.



**THE "HAREM EXPRESS": THE ELABORATELY DECORATED RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN WHICH THE WIVES OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCE WENT FOR EXCURSIONS.**

The elaborate, be-flagged railway carriage here illustrated is without doubt the most extraordinary vehicle of its kind in the world. It was built to the order of an Egyptian Prince, whose wealth was more than sufficient to permit him any luxury he craved for, and who used to give the beauties of his harem railway rides as a special treat.



**IMPRISONED FOR PROPHECYING THE VIOLENT DEATH OF THE TSAR: AGAFYA PASTUKHIN.**

The Kharkhoff gypsy woman whose portrait we give is a standing proof that a prophet has no honour in his own country. She was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for predicting that the Tsar would come to a violent end.



**BANKER AND BURGLAR: IVAN EPHREMOFF.**

Ephremoff, who has been sentenced to penal servitude by the Nijni Novgorod Courts, was banker, bill-discounter, and president of the local council by day, and by night a thief who made it his business to burgle the houses of his friends. He gave much to charities.



**A GOD'S PATCHWORK OVERCOAT.**

This photograph shows in detail the patchwork overcoat in which the Burmese clothe the elephant-god. The garment is intended not only to protect the deity from the inclemencies of the weather, but to keep him from the gaze of curious unbelievers.



**THE MAN WHO INSPIRED "OLD HEIDELBERG": THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.**

It is generally understood that the childhood of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who was brought up by his grandfather in Weimar, one of the dullest of German Courts, inspired the play "Old Heidelberg."



**FIRE-SCREENS OF HUMAN HAIR—THEIR MAKER.**

This native of Dutch Borneo was once a famous head-hunter, but now indulges in a more peaceful occupation, selling "fire screens made entirely of human hair" to infrequent and incautious tourists.



**A MILLIONAIRE WHO ADVERTISES HIS CHARITY BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MATVEI ROSZNOFF GIVING MONEY TO BEGGARS.**

Matvei Rosznoff, the eccentric Siberian millionaire, is a self-made man, and loves to advertise his undoubted generosity, a trait perhaps not quite so uncommon as it seems, in these days of over-paraphrased benevolence, even though it is seldom shown in so obvious a form. According to the "Viestnik," M. Rosznoff's favourite pastime is to pose to the photographer while he is distributing alms.



**A BRITISH SUBJECT WHO HAS VISITED THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF KUSHK.**

Mr. James Campbell Bruce, long resident near Moscow, contrived to enter the forbidden city of Kushk. He disguised himself as a Russian pedlar of glass, and our photograph shows him in this dress.



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"A GILDED FOOL"—"THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE"—"RÉSURRECTION"—  
"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

"A GILDED FOOL," after years of success in America, has found in London the fate of a large proportion of American comedies, and Mr. Nat Goodwin, though I daresay he does not accept the opinion of the British critics, has accepted the verdict of the metropolitan playgoers. Under the circumstances, criticism would seem censurable, bearing in mind the occasionally true phrase about *de mortuis*, &c. It does seem strange that managers know so little about our public as to imagine that such a work could succeed nowadays, for the case is not so much one of the failure of a specimen but of a class; and one can hardly regret the fact that the class is out of date, seeing that it shows some progress in the theatrical world. At least we may state that in Mr. H. G. Carleton's luckless piece Mr. Goodwin acted very cleverly; indeed, he showed a range of voice and shades of expression that are quite remarkable, and no doubt will soon understand the acoustics of the theatre better than on the first night. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, a newcomer, presented the part of the heroine agreeably.

What will be the fate of "The Voysey Inheritance"? Some critics have suggested that in character-drawing Mr. Granville Barker's comedy is unsurpassed by any English work of modern times, and I agree. It has been said that its picture of the middle-class English family—and its humours—is even more truthful than the one in "His House in Order," and I think so. In construction it carries the avoidance of coincidence to an almost unparalleled extent—clearly a virtue. Heartier laughter than is caused every time Major Booth Voysey "booms" at the family is rarely heard in a theatre. The performance presents two or three pieces of perfect acting, and at least half-a-dozen of very rare excellence. The events pass at the present day. Why should there be a doubt as to the triumph of the comedy at the Court Theatre? It is hard to say. The play is "deficient in emotion and action" was one condemnatory phrase, which is only true if by "emotion" one means sentimentality, and if "action" implies movement of visible events; indeed, the phrase condemns many plays accepted as masterpieces. The reference to "emotion" attacks almost all comic works; the particular use of "action" shows ignorance of the idea that the real action in "Macbeth," "Lear," and "Othello" lies in the events in mind or soul of the chief figure. No doubt the play,

though limpid to those who listen, is rather puzzling to the careless person or to those who lounge in late; but everything that need be understood lies within the range of the average man or woman, though they may fail to get full pleasure from its deeper thoughts, and one visit will not reveal all its subtleties to anybody. To me, after two visits, it seems intensely interesting and very finely amusing, and the terms "great" and "original," which I use very rarely, appear deserved by it. People say we lack actors and actresses: let them see Mr. Fred Kerr's admirable picture of the wonderfully specious, fraudulent solicitor; and Mr. Norman Page's fine study of a vacillating old egoist; and Mr. Harben's presentation of Hugh, the artist, discontented with himself; and Miss Madge McIntosh as the rather Ibsenish, independent young woman; and Mr. Granville Barker's perfect study of the amiable, weak man, full of high principles, which he does not quite act upon. These five replace players who can hardly be called popular favourites, yet had acted the parts, on the whole, as well as they. There remain Mr. Charles Fulton in the triumph of his career—he is intensely amusing all the time he is upon the stage; and Miss Mabel Hackney, who is delightful in the curious, charming character of the

girl who is willing to marry Edward when work, worry, and responsibility have changed him from a prig—from "one of God's dandies"—into a man, though he is in peril of prison for lawless philanthropy. Mr. Lowe's quietly humorous study of the black-mailing chief clerk is admirable, Mr. Edmund Gwenn amusing as an unobtrusive parson, Miss Florence Haydon intensely comic in a tranquil way when rendering deaf old Mrs. Voysey, complete embodiment of mid-Victorian middle-class ideas. Without disparagement of the acting, one may see in the performance very clear evidence of the remarkable ability of character-drawing which distinguishes Mr. Granville Barker's play, and renders it the most noteworthy, if least paraphrased, of the notable productions of this eventful year.

The interest aroused by the Théâtre Français, at the New Royalty Theatre, fell a few degrees on the production of M. Bataille's "Résurrection," though it may be that recollections of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's version of the play made many anxious to see it in its original form. It is a fairly ingenious and rather artificial dramatisation of a novel whose qualities cannot be transferred to the stage, and save for the fact that it gives a splendid chance to a "star" actress, it is of little importance. The actress in this case is Mlle. Berthe Bady, who first created the part of Maslova. Her performance is a finely drawn and moving study of passion, degradation, and regeneration: full of tenderness and pity in the later passages, and in the prison scene grimly realistic without unnecessary straining after the horrible and revolting. M. Maurice Luguet applied himself with much earnestness and conviction to the thankless task of trying to make the Prince resemble a man.



THE FRENCH VERSION OF TOLSTOY'S "RÉSURRECTION":  
MLLE. BERTHE BADY AS LA MASLOVA.

Photograph by Paul Boyer.

Certainly "The Little Stranger" earned as much laughter as did "The Voysey Inheritance," and it may be guessed that there is "more money in it," a fact which a few people do not accept as supreme test of quality. On the other hand, there are some who fail to like the fun of what the critics have referred to as a "freak" play. In fact, some do not see the point in the humours of Mr. Barker's play, and others do not find the performance of Master Edward Garratt amusing, and there are also those who derive pleasure from both. From what I have written concerning "The Voysey Inheritance" it might be assumed that the farce by Mr. Morton did not amuse me, which is no doubt evidence of lack of sense of humour, or want of catholicity of taste. Everyone by now has heard of the plot of the play, based on the terror caused by a dwarf taking the place of a baby, and swearing and drinking, and throwing things about, and kicking and hitting people in a fashion of course appalling to those who think these acts attributable to a one-year-old child. The shouts of laughter proved that many were amused, and when Master Garratt resumed his diminutive man's costume and put on shirt and trousers in front of the footlights, some people were hysterical with mirth. He performed his work effectively; but, of course, we are accustomed to have very clever pieces of acting by younger persons—Miss Iris Hawkins, for instance. There are a number of clever people in the company, such as Miss Sydney Fairbrother and Miss Audrey Ford, and Messrs. Graham Browne, Charles Allan, F. Volpé, and Athol Stewart, and they earned a good deal of laughter by their strenuous work, though the "freak" put them all in the shade. Indeed, the entertainment may be regarded as thoroughly enjoyable for those who like this kind of thing, and yet I do not grieve that I am not one of them.



"LADY ISABEL CONGRESS."



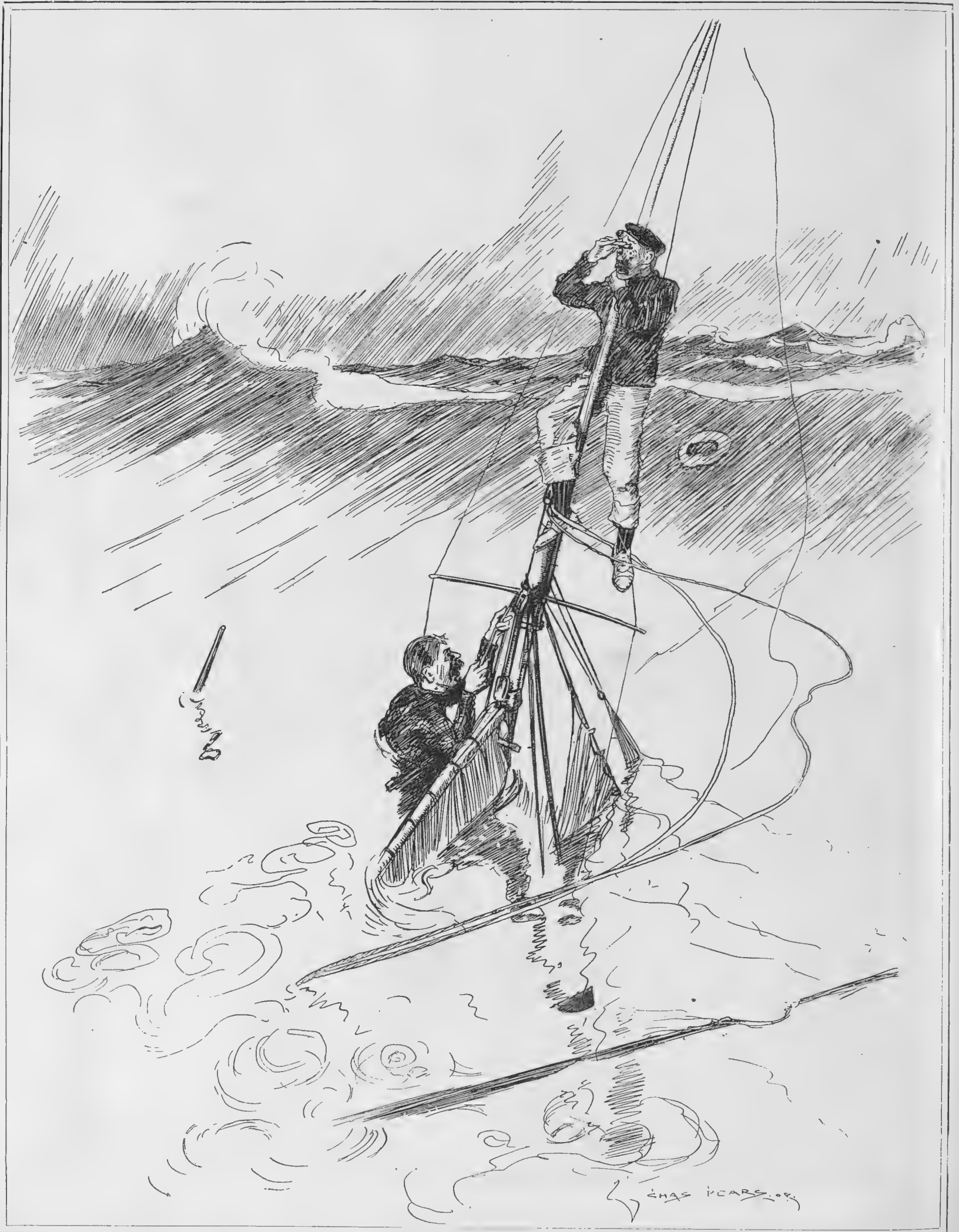
MISS ZENA DARE AS LADY ISABEL CONGRESS IN "THE LITTLE CHERUB," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

*Photographs by Bassano.*



# "SCENT" TO THE RESCUE!

NEWHAVEN IS THE OWNER OF A LIFE-BOAT DRIVEN BY A PETROL MOTOR.



FIRST YACHTSMAN: Is that wretched life-boat coming?

SECOND YACHTSMAN: Yes, it's all right. I can't see it, but I can smell it.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS



THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.



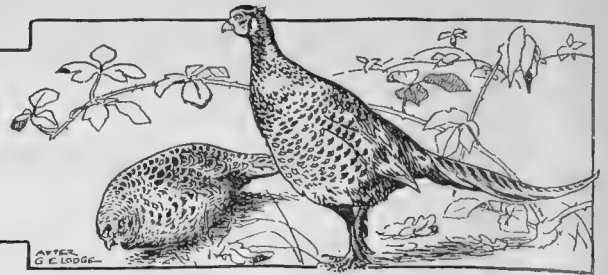
THE SMALL BOY: Look sharp! There's a man fallen in the pond, and his bubbles is the worst language you ever heard.

DRAWN BY BREWERTON QUINAN.





## WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Frightening Birds.* Turning to further consideration of the subject of bird-instinct, it is worth noting how largely birds are influenced by the sound of gun-fire. I have come to the conclusion, after considerable observation, that they are more averse from continued shooting on a small scale than they are from a big day now and again. If you handle the land quite severely for a few hours, surviving birds will be frightened right away, but will come back in the course of a comparatively short time. They seem to regard a day of great trouble as something phenomenal and not likely to occur again. But if you have people pottering over the ground constantly and firing a few shots every now and again, birds will tend to leave the neighbourhood altogether. I think these migrations are generally led by the mother birds in their overwhelming anxiety to keep the newly fledged coveys safe from harm; but this is a point upon which it is hard to speak with complete confidence.

### *Effects of Gun-Fire.*

I remember some few years ago engaging a competent and responsible man to kill vermin and generally overlook a rather extensive area of rough shooting of which I was the tenant. His instructions were to kill stoats and weasels, magpies, and one or two other predatory birds, kestrels and owls, whether brown or white, being specially exempt from persecution. The summer season went on; farmers were complaining very bitterly about the damage done by the rabbits, and one asked me if my man might shoot a few as he went along. Very foolishly I consented, and a large number of rabbits paid the penalty. It was the man's business to go over the land at least once a day with a gun; sometimes he went very early in the morning and sometimes in the evening. When September came there was no sign of vermin, and he told me that many partridges had brought off quite large families; but it was quite clear that they had taken them away with them off the land, for I never had a worse year, although men who owned the neighbouring shooting professed themselves very satisfied with the season's sport. It took me a long time to understand the proper cause of it; in fact, another experience was necessary before I was able to realise it.

### *The Value of Quiet Land.*

This experience came in Scotland, where, one year, I found the lower ground-shooting absolutely overrun with rabbits. They threatened to become a plague. When one went abroad in the evening and walked through the meadows they jumped up from the grass on all sides. The corn was all uncut, for harvesting in that part seldom begins before September is nearly over. It was necessary to give the grouse long rests, and so my friends and I began to shoot the rabbits in meadows near the corn, and scarcely a day passed without finding a considerable number shot. In due course the corn was cut, and I expected to secure big bags of partridges, for the ground was a good one and the season had been very favourable. But while the

shootings in the neighbourhood yielded partridges in plenty, it was possible to spend a long day looking for them on this unfortunate shoot without finding anything more than a stray covey here and there. The only reasonable explanation is that the newly hatched partridges had been taken by their parents to a part where the land was quieter and where guns had not been heard. On some of the places near by, no guns had been allowed on the land even when the corn was cut, and the rabbits, left in their scores in the last strips of corn, were allowed to get home without any more damage than a few clever dogs could inflict. The result was entirely satisfactory to the shooting tenants, as far as the supply of partridges was concerned.

### *The Wary Wood-Pigeon.*

Now is the season of the farmer's discontent. The wood-pigeons, those wild and wary visitors from "furrin' parts," are playing havoc with every green blade that shows itself anywhere, and many are the devices employed to reduce the number of these marauders. Shelters built of boughs and branches, and placed by the side of the wood to which these birds come home to sleep, enable farmers and their friends to dispose of dozens of them. Big pigeon-traps shaped like an ordinary fowl-run, strewn with maize and holding one or two stuffed pigeons that act as decoys, serve yet further to thin the numbers. But the wood-pigeon is strong on the wing and hard to hit, as cunning as the fox and as greedy as the rat, and the best that his victims can do can make very little impression upon the huge numbers. The other afternoon I saw at least three hundred come out of a wood and sweep across the field I was walking through. Had one been shot it is fairly certain that its crop would have been found full to bursting point. A friend who was with me said that the only effective way of dealing with them was to treat them as vermin, and not as sporting birds at all, and that a very simple method of getting them off the land was to buy cheap brandy, steep maize in it, and set the grain in their paths. They could not take much of the spirit without becoming, in the language of Police Constable X, "drunk and incapable." Once reduced to that condition, they could be picked up and destroyed. The majority of these birds come from overseas, and vast numbers return to their more northern homes in the spring.

### *The Passing of Winter.*

Writing the welcome word at the end of that sentence reminds me how completely winter is on the wane. I was walking through a wood in one of our southern counties a few days ago, and, in place of the blackness that came with November, I could trace the first faint suggestion of a grey-green tint that heralds the coming of the year's pleasant days. The rooks were at home in the elms, a jay went screaming through the wood, and his voice had the note of spring. Violets were out in shady places, and by the pond on the high road the wagtails were once more in possession.



A PUPPY WHO "TALKS THROUGH HIS HAT."

Photograph by Will G. Helwig.



DAINGEROUS CURIOSITY.

Photograph by Sarah Weaver.



THE KAISER AS LEWIS WALLER?



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN THE DRESS OF A NOBLEMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Our photograph shows his Imperial Majesty as he appeared in fancy dress in 1885.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE publication of Archbishop Temple's Life revives the memory of Boswell. The Archbishop's grandfather, the Rev. W. J. Temple, of St. Gluvias, was Boswell's most intimate friend. One of the chief sources for the Life of Boswell is a mysterious volume published by Bentley in 1857 as the "Letters of James Boswell to the Rev. W. J. Temple." They extend over the years 1758 to 1795, the year of Boswell's death. No clue is given as to the editor of the book, who has not done his work particularly well, but the genuineness of the letters is not questioned. It turns out that they belonged to W. J. Temple's third child, Anne, who acted as her father's amanuensis in his literary work. Shortly after her father's death she married the Rev. Charles Powlett, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and had ten children, of whom four survived her death, in 1827. She had possession of all her late father's papers, and Mr. Powlett appears to have taken them with him to France, where he resided near Boulogne. This fact throws some light on the strange accident by which a packet of manuscript letters was discovered by Major Stone among some waste papers at Boulogne, and proved to be letters from Boswell to Temple. These passed through various hands before the Bentleys published them. It seems there are still documents in the family that throw light on Boswell, and it is much to be hoped that they may be published. Temple wrote of Boswell, under date May 25, 1782: "Boswell, irregular in conduct and manners, selfish, indelicate, thoughtless; no sensibility or feeling for others who have not his coarse and rustic strength and spirits." There are other entries to the same effect. Mrs. Temple much disliked Boswell. However, there is a tribute to Boswell by Temple in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795. It is signed "Biographicus."

From an article in the *Book Monthly* I learn that the Right Hon. John Burns has 5,000 books. Among them are certain treasures, including a Doves' Press copy of "Paradise Lost," bound in vellum. It was given to him by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, in acknowledgment of some address delivered at Hammersmith in memory of a common friend, William Morris. When Mr. Burns was appointed President of the Local Government Board, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson sent him "Paradise Regained" in a similar binding. Mr. Burns's library is rich in poetry. Shelley is a favourite with him, and he ranks Walt Whitman as not only a good poet, but probably the greatest master-mind America has produced. Mr. Burns is fond of second-hand bookshops, and may frequently be seen in the Charing Cross Road. He has a complete set of the *Transactions* of the Trades Union Congress, and probably the largest

collection of pamphlets on Socialism that exists in this country. Among his possessions is a complete set of Robert Owen's *New Moral World*, a curious periodical which appeared in 1835. He knows "Sartor Resartus" from end to end. Mr. Burns has often been asked to write his autobiography, and he has the material in plenty, but so far his call has been to make books rather than to write them. There is one sentence in the article to which I take most serious exception. Mr. James Milne, the genial writer, says that Mr. Burns goes straight to any volume of the five thousand or so

which he has. With him it is not, "Now I wonder where I put that book; let me see." Then says Mr. Milne, in words that will give cruel and undeserved pain to many of his readers, "He is sure of its place, sure that he will find it there; the unalterable test of a good, loving bookman." What! did Dr. Johnson know where his books were? I am sure that if I had the facts before me, I could show that really good, loving bookmen never know where their books are. They have other things to think of. They are interested in the contents of the books, and like best to have them spread conveniently around them on the floor. This is not a position favourable to order. The sad end of it is generally that the books are packed by officious hands in large stacks where they cannot be found. People who keep their books in good order and know where to find them are, as a rule, not addicted to reading them. I make no charge against Mr. John Burns and Mr. Milne; their passion for order is a pardonable weakness, and they are sound bookmen. But I cannot allow them to make reflections upon me.

Still another work is to be published on the Russo-Japanese War. It is written by Mr. Francis McCullagh, the New York *Herald* war correspondent, who was on the staff of a Russian paper, the *Novi Krai*, the newspaper at Port Arthur. He had been for some time previously attached to the Japan *Times*, of Tokio. The title of the book is "With the Cossacks," and it will be illustrated by eight full-page prints from snapshots by the author.

"The Silence of Dean Maitland" was one of the most successful novels of its time, and it still lives. No other book by the same author has attained anything like a similar vogue, but it is said that her new book, "The Great Refusal," is a strong piece of work. The story deals with the different temperaments of father and son, the father being a man of money, whilst the son is a man of mind—a mind which will not allow him to continue in the career planned for him, but leads him to a life given up to the service of mankind.—O. O.



THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

"Nah, then, den't yer try ter come it wiv me, 'Liza Jones, 'cause I remember the d'y when yer gummed a bit o' rabbit-skin round a collar-box an' called it a toque."

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



## THE DREAM THAT FAILED.



THE BOY: Boo-oo-o! I dreamed last night that our school was burnt down.

THE SYMPATHETIC OLD GENTLEMAN: Oh, don't cry, my little lad. I don't believe that, I'm sure it can't be true.

THE BOY: So am I. There's the top o' it over the hill—boo-oo-o!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## MISS KERRISON'S HEART. \* BY EDWIN PUGH.

WHEN I heard that Tom Frisby was married the news came as a great shock to me. I asked Jack Goney, my informant, "Is he married much?"

"Oh, frightfully!" said Goney.

"Who is the creature?" I inquired, after a tense pause.

And when he replied, "The eldest Miss Carruthers," I was more shocked than ever. That Lilian—my beautiful, wild white dove—should consent to become a mere tame domestic fowl—and for Tom Frisby's sake, galled my sensibilities. I remembered how I had laid the offering of my own unfledged affections at her feet, and how she had danced on the elaborate embroidery of words in which I had clothed my passionate avowal.

"Ah, can nothing induce you to listen?" I had cried.

"Another man might," she had answered cruelly.

And another man had, it seemed; and that man, Tom Frisby.

Of course, my love for her was dead, and even if it had still lingered on, this last mortal blow to my self-esteem would have slain it. I have nothing to say against Tom Frisby. I happen to know that he wears bed-socks; but I suppose "a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will," as Bacon says quaintly, even though his circulation be as indecently defective as Tom Frisby's. The thing that grieved me most was the dismal pitifulness of it all.

"I shall go and see them," I told Goney.

"They are well worth seeing," he nodded. "I'll come with you, if you like."

And so we went together.

I found that Lilian—no, Mrs. Frisby!—was already by way of becoming a social success. She was developing into that dreadful thing, an ideal hostess. She was obtrusively tactful and offensively managing. It was said of her that she had a knack of bringing the right people together, which, being interpreted, means that she strove to pair off her guests as if they had been vases. Thus it would inevitably come about that the savant with sporting tastes would be forced upon the Gorton girl with a leaning toward psychical research, and the poor creatures, who only dined out in the hope of finding some distraction and relief from the preoccupations of their working hours, would be condemned to talk unmitigated "shop"—of which they were heartily sick—through, perhaps, seven or eight long courses. Frisby himself was boisterously happy and rosily content and, moreover, most beautifully trained to obey his wife's lightest word. To see him sitting up on his hind legs and begging and eating things out of her hand was to witness the last degradation of a man who had never been too spirited, and who had now become the most abject lover-husband I have ever seen perform in public.

He invited us into his den, a cupboard over the pantry, to drink inferior Italian vermouth, and having got us there, he at once proceeded to take advantage of our defencelessness to patronise us.

"Ah," he said, addressing us from the hearthrug, after we had thoroughly mauled him, "you will find your affinity some day."

"Which of us do you mean?" asked Goney, with creditable hauteur.

"Both of you," he smiled.

"If both of us find my affinity," said I, "there will be trouble."

"You may laugh——" he was beginning solemnly.

"Thank you," I broke in. "I will." And I did.

But he was in nowise disconcerted. He merely wagged his fat head at us and said: "We must look out for a wife for you."

To which Goney replied, obviously plagiarising me, of course: "We would rather have one apiece, Frisby, if we must marry; and you don't mind."

"I think there are enough girls to go round," said Frisby.

And from that moment began the unconscionable crusade against our cloistral bachelorhood, in which both Frisby and his wife took a meddlesome part, and which terminated in the lamentable *contretemps* that it is the purpose of this story to detail. She, of course, was the more subtle sinner.

"I was in Bond Street the other day," she said to me one afternoon, "and"—archly—"I saw such a lot of people."

"London," I remarked, "is dreadfully over-populated—especially during the season."

"I saw you," said she.

"I am fatally conspicuous, I know," said I; and then I asked her: "What was I doing?"

"Nothing," she answered.

And I confessed that it was my favourite occupation.

"You were not alone," she went on.

"The man of intellect," I rejoined, "never is."

"No?" she queried.

"No," said I. "He has always his thoughts for company."

She smiled. "I meant that you had someone with you," she explained.

"It is a fact that I suffer from more friends than I have any real use for," I sighed.

"If you are in the habit of speaking of them like that, I don't think you deserve any at all," said she.

"I don't," said I. "I have done nobody any harm."

She mused a while and then asked: "Are you a cynic, Mr. Craven?"

"My little brother is," I replied.

She eyed me doubtfully, as if I were a sort of sex-problem. "It was a lady you were with," said she.

"My sister, I expect."

"She didn't look like a sister."

"I wonder who she could have been," I pondered.

"She looked rather like an actress, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Frisby.

"They are all actresses," I cried, with a touch of bitterness.

She shook her head despairfully. "Do you often go walking with ladies—actresses—in Bond Street?" she asked.

"One must put in one's time somehow, Mrs. Frisby."

"You might stroll in the Park and—feed the ducks."

"Or in Bond Street—and feed the gossips."

There was a little pause, and then she said gently: "Mr. Craven, don't you think that yours is a very useless sort of life?"

"It's useful to me," I murmured meekly.

"You waste so much of your time."

"It might be money," I pointed out.

"Perhaps it is, as well. . . . You keep bad hours."

"But which are the bad hours, Mrs. Frisby?"

"As if I knew!" she exclaimed. "You smoke a great deal, too. You go to music-halls. You belong to too many clubs."

"But I only frequent the others," I urged in extenuation.

"You know so many people who are not—not nice."

"There are so many people who are not—not nice."

"I wish I could imbue you with some worthier ideals," she sighed.

"Ah, it is too late now," I said with feeling.

"But," she protested, "I . . . there are other women in the world."

And then Tom Frisby broke in on us very inopportunistically, and our pleasant little chat came to an untimely end.

But that night I sat late with Frisby. His wife had gone on from the theatre to a reception somewhere; and he could not go because he was suffering from one of those minor ailments which seem only to afflict the victims of matrimony. It was our crucial whisky-and-soda, and we were talking as man to man. We had been telling each other that we were both rather blackguards really; but deuced fine fellows notwithstanding, and we were consequently in a fine glow of self-satisfaction.

"One thing I've forgotten to say to you," he remarked.

"It seems impossible that you could have omitted anything of importance, though," said I, with a laugh. "Let me see, now. You have decided that I am a bloated sensualist, a time-server, a self-seeker, a tuft-hunter, a toady, a snob, and a hypocrite. On the other hand, I have a noble nature, a heart of gold, and a fine sense of honour. I am, besides, the best fellow in the world at a crisis—a man who sticks to his friends through thick and thin, one who would lay down his life for a punctilio, and, above all, a high-principled man. Surely, you can add nothing else without spoiling that superb portrait of a gentleman?"

"Don't chaff, old chap," said he. "It is really serious."

"Serious for whom?" I asked.

He paused; and then, dramatically, "For her!" he said.

I dropped the poker into the fender with a crash. "For her!" I repeated.

He nodded. He seemed to have a difficulty in proceeding.

"Explain yourself," I adjured him; then, realising that we had already explained ourselves to one another with sickening circumstantiality, I amended my request. "What the devil are you driving at?" I asked.

He rose and began to pace the room. "Perhaps I ought not to have broached the subject," he faltered.

"You haven't," said I.

"It's not fair to her," he jerked out. "And yet——"

"It certainly is not fair to me," I interjected, "to play about like this."

"It's all due to that odious trick of yours," he mumbled.

"Which trick?" I asked. "And how odious?"

"That trick you have of talking to every woman you meet as if she were the only one of her sex in the world."

"I don't think they find that particularly odious," said I.

"But lookers-on do," said he. "And it is a bit rough on 'em, you know, old chap. Of course, we who understand you know it's only your way; but girls—innocent, young, unsophisticated——"

I rose also. "Good night," I said abruptly, offering my hand.

"You're not going yet," he protested.

"But I am," I insisted. "Listening to you is like reading a book that is full of missing pages, as an Irishman might say."

[Continued overleaf.]



*Sunday Clothes—By Districts.*



III.—TOOTING.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"I'll tell you her name, then," said he.

And I sat down again. "Well?" I prompted him. But still he did not speak. "It isn't Nannie Desmond by any chance?" I ventured.

"Good Lord—no!" he replied with a laugh.

"I don't see why——"

"It's little Miss Kerrison—if you must know," he blurted out.

"Oh," said I, rather disappointed. "I know—the girl who is so awfully conscious of her profile."

"My wife's cousin," he said stiffly.

"And you mean to say that foolish chit is in love with me?"

"Oh, come! Well, I suppose so. . . . But confound your complacency, anyhow!"

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "Poor, silly thing! Pretty, too! Well, what would you advise me to do about it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to advise at all," he replied.

"Best way, I suppose, would be to put her out of her misery at once," said I.

"There are worse girls than Nina Kerrison," he said.

"But do you think they would suit me better?" I asked him.

"No," said he. "You are not so bad."

"You overwhelm me," I observed, "with these touching tokens of your approval."

And then we talked of other matters.

But somehow I could not get the image of Nina Kerrison out of my mind. It danced before my eyes against the white opacity of the fog that filled the streets as I walked home. And when I went to bed and fell asleep it rioted through my dreams. It was not a very distinct image, for I had never troubled to consider Nina—I already thought of her as Nina—very critically. Indeed, her personality had not attracted me. I seemed to remember that we had bored one another consumedly whenever we had been thrown together. Yet now she had become—this weak, susceptible maid who worshipped me, as it appeared, from afar, passionately, hopelessly—this hapless, forlorn damsel had suddenly become the most interesting woman in the world.

I had had not the least intention of going to the Chandlers' much-boomed dance, which was to take place on the following evening; but now I determined to go, after all, since Miss Kerrison was bound to be there, and it were best to get this painful business over at once. The work of disillusion could not be begun too soon, I reflected, if that frail feminine heart which beat for me alone was to be kept from breaking. And so I went.

It was a very dull affair. I raked the ball-room with my glass, but Nina was obviously not there. Then I descended to a sort of subterranean chamber, which the Chandlerie call the Supper Room, and she was not there either. But some most praiseworthy Courvoisier was, so I had two stimulating nips of that and a mustard sandwich, and returned once more to the centre of gaiety on the floor above, hoping that she might have arrived during my absence. But, most perversely, she had not. And then I bethought me of the enlarged cucumber-frame known to frequenters of the Chandleries as the Conservatory, and I steered a tortuous course toward it across the slippery floor.

I ducked under a curtain of jingling glass beads, and entered the cool green shade beyond. There were tall wax candles among the tin leaves of the imitation tub-palms, flickering and guttering in the many converging draughts, and throwing the weirdest shadows imaginable. At first I thought the place was empty; but presently I made out a dim, rounded form in filmy white, and, advancing toward it, came, an instant later, face to face with the very person I was seeking—Nina Kerrison. She sat there motionless, her hands in her lap, as if awaiting her fate in the person of myself.

"All alone?" I said lightly.

"I prefer to be alone," she said hastily, and rose as if to go.

But I understood what an infinity of meaning the studied curtness of her words would have fain concealed, and I whispered; "Please, don't forsake me. I—I came here to look for you."

"Why?" she asked. A most awkward question!

"Why?" I repeated slowly, to gain time. "Oh, because those people in there bore me. And you—you never do that, Miss Kerrison."

"Well, it is something to be a harbour of refuge," she remarked. "Thank you. Then, by the way, is it really true, this time, that I am to congratulate you?"

"On my good fortune in finding you here, do you mean? Why, certainly," I said.

"I did not mean that," she replied. "I meant that—that—well, the usual rumour is out concerning you."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "But which of the usual rumours do you refer to?"

"There is only one—isn't there?—that is commonly linked with the name of an eligible young bachelor. But is it true?"

"Believe me," I reassured her, "it is not true."

"I am so glad!" she breathed softly. "Poor girl! At least—that is——" She would have covered up her indiscretion, but, perceiving that it was now too late, she paused abruptly and lapsed into silence.

"Why are you glad?" I asked. I had not intended to proceed on exactly these lines, but I found it difficult to be sufficiently brutal now that the necessity confronted me.

"Oh," she drawled, with a woeful affectation of indifference, "I think, as the song says, 'You are owre young to marry yet,' you know."

I admit I was a little piqued. "When I say that what you have

heard is not true," I explained, "I meant that, so far, nothing is actually settled, you understand."

"There is someone, then?"

"There may be—some day," I murmured.

"But not—not yet?" she faltered.

It was wrong, it was weak of me, but I was genuinely sorry for her, and I repeated, with an inclination of the head, "Not yet, Miss Kerrison."

"I am so glad," she said again. "These early marriages are such a mistake—for the man, I mean. A girl is usually quite old and worldly-wise, in that way, as soon as she puts up her hair. Men, on the other hand, are apt to be children until—well, for a long time. Don't you agree with me? But of course you don't."

"No, I don't," said I. I felt that she was ill-requiting my delicate solicitude on her account.

"I wonder what your wife will be like," she went on presently. "I do hope she will be a nice, helpful sort of girl, and not a mere society butterfly—like me."

"If she were like you——" I began, and stopped.

"She won't be," said Miss Kerrison quickly.

My heart ached for her. "One so seldom marries the woman one wants to," I observed, for I was wishful to spare her as much as possible.

"And how much better for us that is, isn't it?" said she.

This was too disingenuous. "I hardly follow you, I think," said I.

"I mean," she explained, "that the object of our first fancy is so seldom the person to make us truly happy, if we but knew it."

I remembered then that someone had told me this was Miss Kerrison's third season.

"First love is the only love," I said firmly. It was no time for mawkish scruples. I had temporised with my conscience too long already. She must now be made to realise the sad truth in all its ghastliness.

"That is not so," she said. "Believe me, Mr. Craven, when I tell you that you are as yet far too young to know what is best for your welfare."

How she fought—as women will—against her own happiness!

"Pardon me," I said, "I am not so young as you seem to think. I am——"

"Never mind the exact date of your birth," she broke in. "That you are very young is plain enough, or you would not take the matter to heart so."

"Anyway," said I, "when my fate does come along——"

And there I made an abrupt end, for she had suddenly begun to laugh. There could be no doubt about it. She was laughing—not hysterically, either, but with unmistakable enjoyment, as at an irresistible jest.

"Mr. Craven—Mr. Craven!" she cried. "Please—please don't look so solemn. Laugh. Do laugh, too. It's the only way you can save your self-respect."

Then I recalled how I had said, in the bitterness of my soul, "They are all actresses." And I stood before her and pitied her, even whilst I marvelled at the finished artistry of her histrionics.

"Mr. Craven," she said at last, more seriously, "I think I'll be frank with you. My honest dealing may conceivably cost me your good opinion, but only for a time. You'll like me all the better afterwards. And I am sure you have enough common-sense, really, not to think me unwomanly or immodest in saying what I am about to say to you now."

"Miss Kerrison," I cried in sore distress, "forbear, reflect, consider. Don't speak yet. You may save us both much pain if you keep silent."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed sharply.

This was an affront alike to my personal dignity and to general right-feeling that I felt I could not overlook.

"Go on, then, if you will," I said sternly.

"I've an idea," she said, "that we are at cross-purposes, and that it is all the fault of those dear, foolish Frisbys. . . . Mrs. Frisby has said something to you about—well, about me, hasn't she? Please be straightforward, Mr. Craven."

"No, she hasn't," I answered.

"Mr. Frisby, then?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

I turned on her in desperation. "How can I repeat what he said?" I cried. "Miss Kerrison, let me implore you to say no more. Let me entreat——"

"No," she replied. "I will tell you what they said. They told you I—well—had a *penchant* for you."

"They were wrong!" I exclaimed, still eager to spare her.

"Of course they were," she rejoined. "As wrong as they were when they told me—well—that you were—in love—with my unworthy self. But——" And she began to laugh again. This woman, I tell you, had no sense of humour, or of decency, either, I should think. "But they meant well, I suppose. And there's no harm done—except to our vanity, perhaps. Anyway, the path they would have had us tread hardly leads to the Wicked Place, does it?"

And she smiled at me inscrutably, and I think she would have added some pleasant, salving words. But just then a man poked his head round the bead-curtain, and she darted up and went forward to greet him. I heard her call him "Frank," and I guessed, then, that it was for him she had been waiting so meekly, all alone. And at last I understood—I knew—that I—I had merely provided some comic relief from the tedium of her vigil.

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE failure of Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt's play, "A Question of Age," at the Court has been the means of changing the plans of Miss Annie Russell and her husband, Mr. Oswald Yorke, for in order to play the extra matinées of "Major Barbara" which have been announced, they have had to postpone their departure for America.

Next Tuesday afternoon will witness another change in the programme of the Vedrenne-Barker matinées at the Court. The

which she played with such success when Miss Terriss was out of the bill that she has been retained in it.

To-morrow afternoon Mr. H. B. Irving will give his second and concluding lecture on the Eighteenth Century Drama at the Royal Institution.

To-morrow afternoon will also be an interesting occasion at Eton, for Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who is undoubtedly the most distinguished old Etonian at present on the stage, will, at the invitation of the head master, deliver a lecture entitled "Ars Loquendi: A Few Words on the Gentle Art of Speaking Distinctly" in the Drill Hall.

The annual Shakspeare performance by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, for which "Measure for Measure" has been selected, begins this evening, Miss Maud Hoffman playing Isabella, the part which will, of course, be acted by Miss Lily Brayton when Mr. Otho Stuart stages the play at the Adelphi. As usual, the rehearsals and production have been under the direction of Mr. G. R. Foss, who has been devoting his attention to teaching rather than to acting for some years, for he is the principal of the Henry Neville Dramatic School. In his family the close relationship between Church and Stage which was so strongly deprecated by the Bishop of London in his recent address finds its highest manifestation, for his brother, the Right Rev. H. J. Foss, is the Bishop of Osaka.

On Saturday evening "Peter Pan" will be presented for the last time at the Duke of York's Theatre, where, by the happy expedient of playing it twice every day, it has had a run of nearly four months in half that time, thus inverting the famous lines of the poet who declared that—

The best of all ways  
To lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night.

Mr. Barrie's play will not, however, be consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness because it is withdrawn from London, for it will be transferred to Glasgow on Monday evening, where it will be played



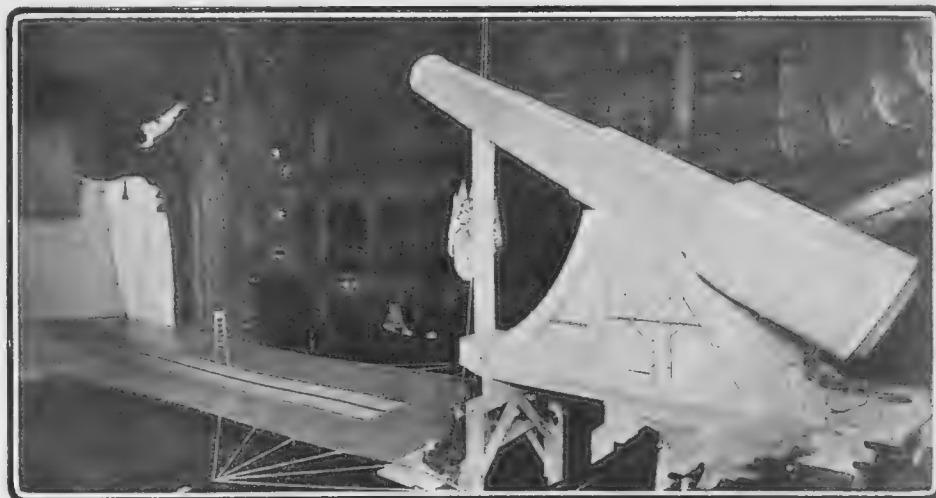
THE NEW AND "SAMMY"-LIKE SONG AT THE PALACE: MISS MILLIE LEGARDE SINGING "HOW'D YOU LIKE TO COME AND SPOON WITH ME?"

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

stage will be held by that master of our language Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who will be responsible for the two plays produced—"Pan and the Young Shepherd," a pastoral play in two acts, with music by H. W. Hewlett, and "The Youngest of the Angels." The longer play will have the interpretation of, among others, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, Miss Grace Lane, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Miss Mabel Hackney, and Miss Alice Crawford; Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Norman Page, and Mr. Norman McKinnel, who has been allowed to appear by Mr. Lewis Waller in order that he may play the part of Pan; while the shorter play will be acted by Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. E. Harcourt Williams, Mrs. Theodore Wright, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

It did not take long to convince either Mr. Nat Goodwin or the management of the Shaftesbury Theatre that "A Gilded Fool" would not do for London, as it probably will not even do for England, though the verdict of the provinces does not always coincide with that of London. With characteristic American "get up and get" both Mr. T. W. Ryley and Mr. Goodwin decided to "scrap" it with as little compunction as useless machinery even of an expensive character is treated on the other side of the Atlantic. And, when all things are considered, a play which is useless for drawing money is an expensive machine. To-morrow evening Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "An American Citizen," which was first produced by Mr. Goodwin at the Duke of York's, will be revived at the Shaftesbury, where it is hoped it will have a long run.

Quietly, unostentatiously, but none the less successfully, there has come into London and the West End a young actress who, although her professional career dates back scarcely beyond the beginning of this year, has already come into her own. This is Miss Nell Carter, who has been deputising for Miss Ellaline Terriss as Bluebell at the Aldwych Theatre while the original representative of the part has been taking a needed rest under the sunny skies of Bordighera. Miss Carter comes from Bristol, where, as an amateur, she played several parts with the Bristol Amateur Society. During his recent tour with "The Catch of the Season" Mr. Seymour Hicks saw her and engaged her for one of the Bow Bells in "Bluebell." The purity of her voice, the charm of her manner, and her intelligence, coupled with a certain resemblance, if not to Miss Terriss, yet at all events to the type of the ladies who have deputised for her, suggested her as the understudy of the part,



SHOT FROM A CANNON: THE HUMAN BULLET AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

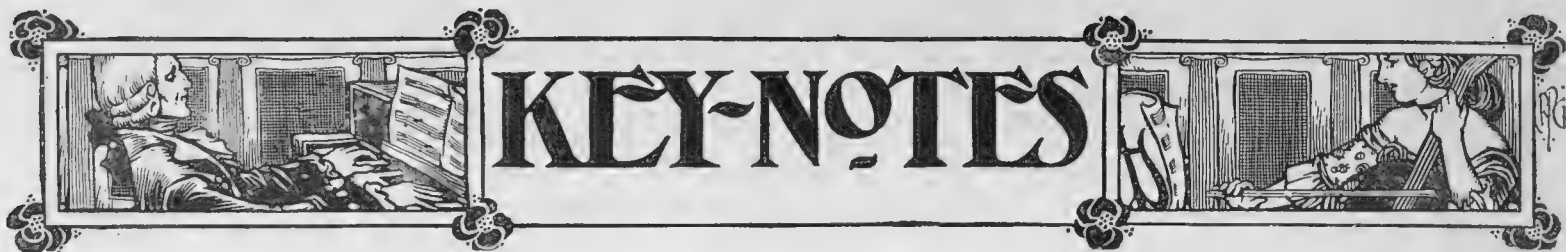
"The Human Bullet" is "fired," by means of compressed air, from a cannon fixed on the dress-circle level of the house, and projected through the air to a trapze high above the arena. The velocity he attains is said to be fourteen miles a minute. The cannon is 21 ft. long, weighs 6,000 lb., and could throw a weight equal to the Human Bullet from the Hippodrome to Ludgate Circus.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

for three weeks—an exceptional run; to be followed by an equal period in Edinburgh and proportionately long visits to certain other cities.

Nor will the withdrawal cause the Duke of York's to be closed for long, as it has been selected by Mr. Frohman as the scene of the appearance of Miss Marie Tempest in the quaintly named "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," by Mr. Ernest Denny.

The Dramatic Debaters' Society will give a special performance at the Royalty on Sunday evening next, and will produce three new plays—"Miss Vere D'Orsay," written by F. M. Meyor, "The Death of the Soul," by Robert Kelso, and "Treasure Trove," by Edith A. Browne.



MR. YORK BOWEN is a young composer of more than considerable merit. He has shown throughout his so far brief career that he has remarkable ability and extraordinary skill in the art which he has chosen for himself. At the latest concert given by the London Symphony Orchestra, a new symphony entitled "Symphonic Fantasia," written by Mr. Bowen, was given under the direction of Richter. Of course, young men must have certain audacities at the outset of their career, and in the case of Mr. Bowen such audacities may easily be forgiven. He declares, evidently with an eye to many recent compositions, that his work has no programme and illustrates no poem, subject, or incident. No doubt this is an absolute fact; but one may remind this very young composer that some of the greatest of his living contemporaries have written tone-poems from quite another point of view, and that his announcement savours, therefore, somewhat of the forwardness of youth. In any case, the work, though far too diffuse, is extremely clever; the orchestration shows that this very young musician has learnt that most difficult lesson of understanding the peculiar characteristics of each instrument, and, to sum up, he has a gift of melody which he should be counselled to follow very carefully; for the gift of melody is a rare gift, and it is too often wantonly expended by those who possess it, simply because they desire to make a giant out of the orchestra rather than a beautiful spirit out of their own sense of tune.

At the same concert the works of two composers of very different nature from that of Mr. York Bowen were produced—one by Richard Strauss, the other by Edward Elgar, the influence of both composers being conspicuous in the younger man's work. Elgar was represented by his fine overture, "In the South," Strauss by his tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung." It would be impossible to conceive finer



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS ENTERED THE CONCERT WORLD: MISS SADIE JEROME, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL ON FRIDAY NEXT, THE 23rd.

Miss Sadie Jerome will be remembered by many London playgoers as Lalage Potts. After her appearance in that rôle she married, but it was not long before she returned to the stage from which she had temporarily retired. Now, although her name has hitherto been associated chiefly with musical comedy and negro melodies, she is to turn her attention to serious music, which she has been studying diligently for the past two years.

Photograph by Speaight.

the days, a quarter of a century ago, when he knew and heralded Wagner as one of the greatest of progressive musicians.

At the Æolian Hall a few days ago, Mr. Ignaz Friedman gave his second Pianoforte Recital, and went through a programme of much variety. In his playing of the Brahms-Paganini Variations he

showed a delightful freedom of touch and a quality of artistic feeling which were extremely interesting. As a set-off to this particular excellence, one may say that his playing of a Minuet by Suk was devoid entirely of classical feeling. The minuet, of course, is meant to be played in strict dance rhythm; despite then, Mr. Friedman's exquisite touch, the very fact that he made this

particular minuet into a sort of sentimental composition destroyed a great deal of the value of his interpretation. Everybody knows that when Chopin wrote certain pianoforte pieces to be played according to what is known as *tempo rubato*, it was intended that in certain points the pianist had more or less to identify himself with the composer's meaning, rather than with the actual time-signature. But the minuet is a classic form of art, and there can never be any question of tampering with the tempo under any circumstances. Take Mozart's famous minuet in "Don Giovanni," and consider for a

moment what conductor would dare to attempt anything like an easy sense of time in a rhythm which has to be fulfilled entirely by the dancers on the stage. Again, in Sullivan's "Sorcerer," the exquisite minuet which occurs early in the score would be without meaning unless it was rendered strictly according to time. Although Mr. Friedman is a very sensitive player, has quickness and eagerness and feeling, which was made obvious by his playing of a Prelude by Rachmaninoff, he must be warned against giving interpretations of his own in works which demand strictly formal adherence to the marks and instructions issued by the composer. He was, one may say, somewhat lax in his playing of a little work by Henselt, entitled "Petite Valse."

It is interesting to find that old Papa Haydn's works, which were so extremely popular in this country at the end of the eighteenth century, are beginning to renew their popularity once more among us in England. Among the items chosen for the programme of the Queen's Hall Orchestral Concert which was given last Saturday, the first work was Haydn's Symphony in C, "Le Midi," which was composed in 1761, when Haydn was in the employment of Prince Esterhazy. It is, of course, one of Haydn's earlier works, and yet it is not a bit more fresh than any of those famous Salomon Symphonies which were written for the famous series produced in London. But, indeed, Haydn never knew what it was to be anything but youthful; his generosity to younger composers who were to a certain extent progressing ahead of his own art is proverbial; and possibly it was this everlasting youth which remained within him that has made him immortal.

By arrangement with Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth, a series of Promenade Concerts is being given at Covent Garden Theatre by the Garde Republicaine band, which consists of some eighty performers. One is glad to note that France returns the compliment to England by bringing over to London an orchestra as a sort of *quid pro quo* for the London orchestra which recently visited Paris. The name of Mme. Ella Russell occurring on the programme reminds one of a singer who has too long absented herself from English platforms.

COMMON CHORD.



A CONDUCTOR WHO DOES NOT USE A BÂTON: M. VASSILI ILJITSCH SAFONOFF.

M. Safonoff, the famous Russian conductor, will direct a concert at the Queen's Hall on Thursday next, the 22nd. Of recent years he has won considerable fame as a conductor, and his method of directing his orchestra by means of the hands instead of with the bâton has caused much comment. It was M. Safonoff who was chosen to conduct the biggest band that has ever been engaged to play a single work. The occasion was the Russian Coronation Festival, in May 1896, and his orchestra, which was placed in a field, comprised seven military bands, a chorus of three thousand voices, three sets of bells, and thirty-two cannon from which salvoes were fired.

Photograph by Woronora, Dresden.





DUSTLESS, MUDLESS ROADS—A VALUABLE EXPERIMENT—OBJECT-LESSONS FOR ROAD-SURVEYORS—M.P.'S' GRATITUDE—THE COLONIES SUPPORT THE UNION—IF SIX CYLINDERS, WHY NOT EIGHT?—HOTEL YARD CHARGES AN IMPOSITION—VERTICAL VERSUS ANGLE SCREENS, NO BACK EDDY—A TRUE TOURING-CAR RACE IN THE ISLE OF MAN—A PROPERLY EQUIPPED MOTOR-SCHOOL A NECESSITY.

AN object-lesson in the possibility of constructing roads in such a manner and of such material that they shall be dustless in dry, and mudless in wet weather, is to be afforded the Kent County Council by the joint action of the Automobile Protection and the Roads Improvement Associations. The Kent County Council have agreed to devote a section of the London-Maidstone road about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, lying between Wrotham Heath—a point where the road from Ightham and Seal makes junction with the London and Maidstone main road—and the county town itself. This  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles will be divided into lengths of about 500 yards, which will each be laid with different materials. For a country main road the traffic carried between these points is very heavy, including as it does traction-engines, heavy motor-wagons, farm-carts, fast motors, and all classes of light horse-drawn vehicles.

In this way the different surfaces will be subjected to traffic of exactly that character which main roads in this country must be expected to carry in an increasing ratio in the near future. The existence of these experimental sections of various road-surfacing will make it possible for all progressive County Councils and their surveyors to study the effect of heavy traffic and to satisfy themselves as to what is best calculated to suit the needs of their own localities.

On all hands successful Parliamentary candidates are expressing their gratitude for the aid afforded them by automobilists during their canvass and upon polling days. Let us hope that these gentlemen will recall the fact of this assistance when the Motor Bill comes up for revision at the end of this year, and that bitter prejudice such as distinguishes a member for a far northern part of the kingdom will not be allowed to dominate legislation, as was the case two years or so ago.

I have more than once urged immediate membership of the Motor Union upon my readers, and I take no shame in returning to the charge. In union is our only hope of obtaining just and equitable treatment at the hands of the Legislature. Every day this fighting body is gaining strength, but, to make it wholly effective and a weapon to be reckoned with, it should include every man or woman who owns a self-propelled vehicle. Its importance and power are being recognised outside this realm, for its roll already includes members hailing from Malta, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, India, West Africa, and the Transvaal.

The discussion of four-cylinder and six-cylinder engines still goes merrily on in the columns of the technical Press, where advocates of the eight-cylinder engine are frequently heard. I marvel that those who support, and very rightly support, six cylinders do not go two better and ask for eight, which must give a more perfect "torque" than can six. Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, were quick to perceive this, and promptly introduced their eight-cylinder engine with opposed inclined cylinders and vertical valve-chambers—perhaps the smartest bit of petrol-engine designing yet seen. If we are to have eight cylinders, it is clear they cannot be placed in single file, but must be made to break joint, after the manner of the engine just named and that of Hemery's racing Darracq.

No one should grumble at paying value for services rendered; but it is difficult to see where the value exists when a fee of one shilling

is charged for a car standing in an open hotel yard while the party it has carried are taking lunch within the house, obviously to the profit of the proprietor. If any service were rendered by the hotel servants, if the car were watered, fed, led away, or tended in any way the case would be different; but in nearly every instance the yard-man simply watches arrival and departure, and collects the standing, not even the "shelter" money. This is a matter which the Motor Union might take up and clear up.

A few days ago I was afforded an opportunity of making short runs on one car fitted with a glass screen rising vertically from the dashboard, and on another provided with the new "Cromwell" wind-

screen, which is fitted by those old-established coachbuilders Messrs. Morgan and Company, Limited, of Long Acre and Old Bond Street, W. The verdict was hugely in favour of the "Cromwell" screen, in which the lower panel slopes backwards and the upper one rises vertically only the width of the steering-wheel from the driver's body. The result of this arrangement is that while the front draught is kept off the face, there is no sign of the eddy of cold air on to the back of the

#### THE MOTOR-CAR IN WAR: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ARMoured AUTOMOBILE RECENTLY INSPECTED BY THE FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

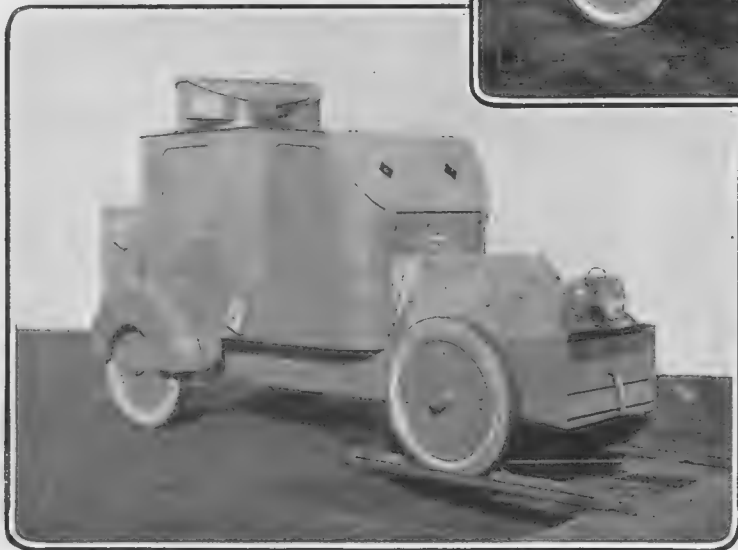
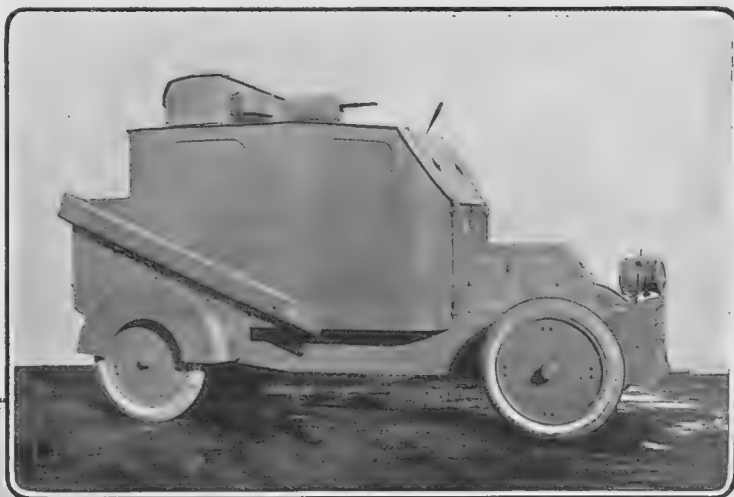
The new form of war-automobile, illustrated above, was made by Messrs. Charron, Girardot, and Voigt, whose London agents are the London Motor Garage Co., Wardour Street. The steel employed in its construction is of a peculiar kind, not particularly hard, but capable of resisting a Lebel shot fired at a distance of twenty-five yards. The whole machine weighs, with its passengers, about three tons; is of 30-h.p.; and is mounted on a chassis similar to that supplied to the public. It carries with it a portable bridge, by which it is enabled to cross ditches. This is shown in work in one of our illustrations.

Photographs by Charles Barneue.

head and neck, which always obtains with vertical screens and robs them of much of their value.

The Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man in the autumn is likely to be supplemented by a race open to touring-cars propelled by engines the total area of whose pistons does not exceed the area of four pistons of 130 millimetres diameter. Roughly, this is Captain Deasy's proposal, which the Automobile Club is likely to entertain. The race would be held the day after the Tourist Trophy event, and would be open to cars driven by engines of any number of cylinders, the bodies to be of a certain minimum weight, to have a certain transverse vertical superficial area, and to carry a certain minimum load; all to make them practical touring-cars. This would bring about a most interesting contest, and its institution is profoundly to be wished.

There is more than a good opening for genuine motoring schools where private and professional drivers could be taught the proper conduct and care of a motor-car. Some of the present so-called motor-schools are nothing better than flat-catching institutions, and the money paid to those who run them might just as well be thrown in the gutter. At the present moment few of these schools have anything like a proper equipment—indeed, I have heard of one where the teaching material, over and above a somewhat crazy car, was a single-cylinder motor-cycle engine, and nothing else but drawings, which, as is well known, are caviare to the multitude. There is a splendid opening for honestly conducted, fully equipped schools, but the equipment of each, in addition to running cars, would not cost much less than £1,000.



AN ARMoured AUTOMOBILE THAT CARRIES ITS OWN BRIDGE: THE CAR RECENTLY INSPECTED BY THE FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

PROPHETIC—VETERAN WRITERS ON SPORT—JOCKEYS' EARNINGS.

I NEVER remember such a tame market on the Lincoln Handicap as we have experienced this year. Yet one of the Continental list men told me a few days ago that his firm had every horse in the race backed for small sums. The little punters evidently slip in where angels fear to tread. It may be taken for granted that careful owners will not trust much money to their horses until near the day of the race. Dumbarton Castle is, I understand, doing good work at Netheravon, and it should not be forgotten that this horse is once more being trained by J. Powney, who prepared him for the Goodwood Cup, which he won in a trot from Nabot. It is hoped that Madden will have the mount. In that case, he would be well backed by the public on the day, and he is a very likely horse to win over the easy mile on the Carholme. The Newmarket men of observation think that either Chelys or Rievaulx will win. The first-named belongs to Lord Rosebery and is trained by Percy Peck. On the running in the Sussex Plate at Brighton she is held safe by Wolfshall; but the latter may have deteriorated, while it is claimed that Chelys has improved out of all knowledge. It should not be forgotten that Percy Peck has a private track on which horses can do work in all weathers, and Chelys has been kept going throughout the winter. Chelys, who will be ridden by Griggs, has been backed across the water in several double events coupled with Kirkland and Ranunculus. Caravel, owned by Lord Dalmeny and trained by Sam Darling, has a sort of a chance on some of his form, but I do not think he is quite class enough. Catty Crag is over-weighted this time, but Roseate Dawn—an awkward horse at the gate, by-the-bye—should have a look-in on the Manchester running. A lot of money has gone on Velocity, who, in the opinion of good judges, could have won the Cambridgeshire in a trot at a mile, but the last 220 yards was the cause of his nearly being caught by Santry. At present I like the chance of Dumbarton Castle for the Lincoln event, and I shall stand or fall on Kirkland for the Grand National. In the latter event Ranunculus is a strong order, but I would ask, why was he sold out of Coulthwaite's stable?

There used to be a saying that sporting journalists are young, but it does not hold good to-day. I met Mr. John Corlett tramping down Ludgate Hill the other day, looking as fit as a two-year-old. The Master has been a writer on sport for well nigh forty years, and he has attended all the principal race-meetings for years past. Mr. Corlett figured as "Vigilant" of the *Sportsman*, until he decided to buy the *Sporting Times* from Dr. Shorthouse. The spec. proved a real gold-mine to the Master. The present editor of the *Pink 'Un*, Mr. Alfred Allison, was a well-known sub-editor in the provinces when he came up to join the staff of the *Sportsman* well nigh thirty years back. Eventually Mr. Allison became editor of that paper, and continued in the post until he joined Mr. Corlett's staff. "Jim the Penman," Mr. James Henry Smith, was

"Vigilant" of the *Sportsman* a quarter of a century back. He is now the able sporting correspondent of the *Morning Post*. He married Miss Cannon, sister of Tom Cannon senior, and is therefore an uncle of Morny and Kempton Cannon. Mr. Smith's father was at one time a well-known owner of racehorses. He won the Cesarewitch and

Cambridgeshire with Rosebury, and at that time owned the *Sportsman* as well. Later on, he sold the paper and started the *Bon Marché* at Brixton. Mr. Martin Cobbett, who is the able correspondent of the *Tribune* and is "Geraint" of the *Referee*, was on the staff of the *Sporting Life* thirty years back, where his brother, Mr. Jack Cobbett, who is now chief of the *Sporting Life* racing staff, has been a racing correspondent for over a quarter of a century. Mr. Tom Flood has been in the service of the *Sportsman* as a racing correspondent for nearly thirty years; Mr. Paul Widdison, who collects the starting prices for the *Sportsman*, has been a sporting journalist for thirty years; and Mr. C. W. Alcock, the secretary of the Surrey Cricket Club, has written on cricket and football for the sporting Press for quite forty years. Mr. William Wade has just relinquished the editorship of the *Manchester Umpire* after twenty years' service. Mr. Wade dealt in the main with the drama and things theatrical, and his criticisms made that paper exceedingly popular. I believe that, after taking a holiday, he will join the London Press. Mr. Harry Hewitt Griffin has written on cycling for over thirty years; Mr. Stephen John Richardson has been criticising athletics for an even longer period. It is just thirty years since I started journalism at the wrong end as the proprietor and editor of the *Agricultural World*. I have written over the signature of "Captain Coe" for twenty-five years.

I am very sorry to hear that "Tiny" White, who was for many years a highly successful jockey, has fallen on bad times, and that a subscription on his behalf will have to be raised. White is the jockey who rode The Sailor Prince when that horse beat St. Miren, with Fred Archer in the saddle, for the Cambridgeshire. This was the last mount but one Archer had; the last one was on Tommy Tittlemouse, at Lewes, the following week. White succeeded Weever as trainer at Bourton-on-the-Hill; but he met with little success, and although at one period of his career he was a very rich man, he has lost his money. He never received any large retainer, but he amassed his money by hard work, and at one time he had few superiors

as a judge of a race. I hope that those who benefited by his riding in the heyday of his fortunes will not forget him now that he is down. As jockeys have their bad times as well as their good ones, I think the Jockey Club should institute a system of old-age pensions for jockeys. This could easily be done by the aid of an enterprising insurance company.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



AN IRISH COMPETITOR FOR THE WATERLOO CUP. MR. R. F. PHELAN'S PEERLESS DE WET, WHO WON THE IRISH CUP AT LIMERICK LAST MONTH.

In Globo, the dog who was to have represented Colonel J. McCalmont in the Waterloo Cup, died in December last, and the Colonel's nomination is to be filled by Peerless De Wet, who is by Coxcomb—Pleasant Moments, and is in his second season.

Photograph by Gee and Watson.



GUIDING A PLOUGH BY THE COMPASS: CAPTAIN SYCAMORE, EX-SKIPPER OF THE "SHAMROCK," TURNING A LONELY FURROW.

Captain Sycamore's method was so far successful that he won a prize in a recent competition.

Photograph by Park.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT has frequently been advanced that as every Jacques Bonhomme is free to consider that a Field-Marshal's bâton lies *perdu* in his knapsack, so every American girl who steps daintily ashore at Liverpool is free to see, in fancy, a captive Dukedom looming in the middle distance as the lawful quarry of her bow and spear. The influx of charming Americans is, indeed, more than ever obvious



[Copyright.]

A GOWN IN SILVER-GREY CLOTH AND VELVET.

at this moment, and Paris is overrun with those fascinating specimens of humanity, all eagerly preparing for the London campaign with a plentitude of prospective millinery. However seductive and agreeable Continental men may be, it is the Englishman who appears most desirable in the eyes of your true Transatlantic beauty, with his broad acres and his ancestors and his well-bred air of assuming that this planet was designed exclusively for his use and benefit. Very naturally too, the typical Anglo-Saxon admires the contrast American girls present to his sisters, cousins, and neighbours. They are usually bright, amusing, original; as a rule, very well educated and able to skim over or dive into any possible topic that presents itself. In a word, they realise and study the value of "charm," which for many a nice enough English girl has no meaning beyond its place in the dictionary as a common noun. Added to all this are the dollars, the mighty dollars, of which, as life becomes more luxurious, we are daily more in need, and the sum-total, it can easily be seen, renders the American girl a very serious rival of her Anglo-Saxon sister.

It has often struck me that in the Anglo-American unions which have become such a frequent and favourite habit, the wife must have moments of astonishment and disillusion in realising her husband's attitude to the Eternal Feminine, which is so very different from that of men in the States. As a well-known traveller recently set forth as the result of many experiences, the least-considered person in the whole household is usually the man who works hard for the benefit of everyone beneath his roof. "He is very generous this American father," the author in question goes on to

say, "considerate to his wife, kind to his children, absolutely just at his death, inasmuch as he divides his money equally between sons and daughters. He has less leisure and less fun than anyone else in his household, toiling and slaving as he does incessantly for the benefit of others." So, altogether, the American woman has undoubtedly the best of it in every way while over there, and it must be rather a revelation to see with what calm unconsciousness our men sip the cream of life, leaving the second-best of everything as the natural portion of their devoted feminine belongings. I know one American bride who raged and chafed inwardly because her husband did not bring her flowers on his return every evening, open the door for her on leaving a room, and perform various *petits soins* by which, as a matter of course, she was surrounded when at home; while he, poor man, was all the time wondering at the back of his mind why she did not keep his gloves and pipes and impedimenta large or small in the state of miraculous readiness to which an admiring mother and sisters had long accustomed him. In fact, these first two years of married life, which all the philosophers—not the poets, *bien entendu*—tell us are the most trying milestones on the journey, might not inconceivably be prolonged to four where the men and women have each been spoiled by the customs of their respective countries. We are, happily, adaptable animals, however, and it is wonderful how successfully such foreign alliances turn out, and how kindly we take, on the whole, to matrimonial surprises when their first extreme novelty wears off.

It is no exaggeration to say that the elaboration of the evening coiffure, however becoming, is a distinct nuisance when one is seated



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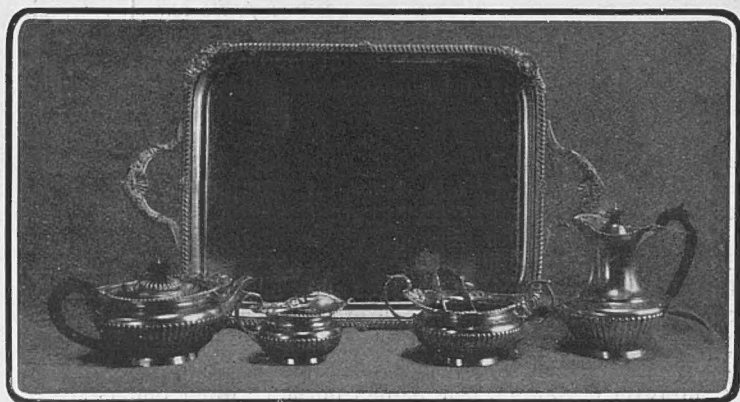
A BLACK WALKING-DRESS.

behind a typical instance of it in the playhouse. Some evenings since I went to the St. James's prepared for a thoroughly enjoyable three hours, which it may be at once remarked was but realised in parts. Three doubtless delightful girls sat together in the stalls immediately before me, but what with enormously distended pads, covered by extraordinarily extended wavy hair, crowned by a perfect jungle of



foliage and sprays, the play was more than partially eclipsed, and on going again I shall make careful enquiry as to whether my seats are behind women or mere men, and shall most emphatically select the latter. The re-entry of the Spanish comb will again probably prove a fruitful source of objurgation in the theatre. It is undeniably becoming, and the greater the size the greater its piquant attractiveness. Every woman may not possess a towering tiara of diamonds, but nothing comes to prevent one of the charming hair-crowns in wired and jewelled lace, which look extremely well and are now the very last word of the mode. To match them, wired and jewelled lace dog-collars are worn, and these, also the invention of a Parisienne, are immensely *chic*.

From Paris, the city of dainty detail, one hears of a new notion, or rather, an old one revived, in bracelets of gathered lace and bébé



PART OF THE SILVER SERVICE PRESENTED TO THE SECRETARY OF THE KENNEL CLUB.

The silver service of which we illustrate a part was presented to Mr. Edward William Jaquet, Secretary of the Kennel Club, by numerous dog clubs, societies, and associations and ladies and gentlemen interested in doggy matters, as a mark of their high appreciation of his work. The service was supplied by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, London and Sheffield.

ribbon, to be worn outside gloves in the evening, the idea being that these glove-bracelets break the hard line of *suède* from wrist to elbow. The effect is rather untidy, however; and as nothing is better than a well-gloved arm except a well-moulded ungloved one, the new idea seems an unnecessary embarrassment of millinery than otherwise.—SYBIL.

## THE QUEST OF THE JEST.

WRITING humorous paragraphs against time is an extremely delicate operation. In a few seconds you have to glean the witticism from the dull acreage of six or seven newspapers, dress it in readable English, and keep four great dangers in mind—libel, contempt of court, bad taste, and contradiction of the policy of the paper.

Your mood varies extraordinarily. You sit up late the previous night, gulp your breakfast, feel seriously ill, the weather is vile, you see nothing in the papers, force out jokes under artificial respiration, so to speak—and the column reads splendidly.

The next day you arrive in plenty of time in splendid trim, the papers are full of news—and you can write nothing.

From any given piece of news a light paragraph may, I think, be manufactured in four ways: (1) By relating the incident in descriptive language—that is, padding; (2) By tacking on to it a similar story; (3) By relating it in a four-line epigram; and (4) By adding a humorous comment.

Say the piece of news is—

“Arthur Glubbins, yesterday given a life sentence for manslaughter, has requested to be hanged instead.—REUTER.”

Treated in the four ways, this would run—

(1) “Mr. Arthur Glubbins, just sentenced to penal servitude, has placed the authorities in a dilemma. He appears to have no private engagements, and, wishing to save time, has asked to be executed as a personal favour. The prison officials have been so much annoyed at this grossly irregular application that they have threatened to have his life sentence extended, coupled with a severe reprimand.”

(Advantage of this system—it fills up the column when “copy” runs dry.)

(2) “Arthur Glubbins seems to have settled the problem as to whether life is worth living, and requests to be executed. We are reminded” (this is the invariable phrase) “of the prisoner at Bow Street who, being fined £5, explained that his home was not happy (his wife was learning the ocarina), and bursting into tears, asked for penal servitude instead.

(This and No. 1 can be done by anyone with industry and punctuality. A scrap-book of funny anecdotes is invaluable.)

(3) UNWARRANTABLE.

He asked for execution dire,  
In frenzied tones harangued  
The court. He only raised their ire,  
They answered—“You be hanged!”

(This is known in the profession—and sometimes out of it—as wit.)

(4) “Quite uncalled for is the embarrassment of Mr. Arthur Glubbins, who insists that he is a murderer of the worst type and wants

to know when this ramshackle Government will hang him. His obvious remedy is to wait until he is released and then murder somebody else.”

(This is the only one which can be classed technically as humour.)

The paragraphist thinks of each of these four methods and decides on one instinctively.

“But what do you do when you get absolutely stuck?” is the amateur’s invariable question. There are two obvious resources. A paragraph can be deliberately “lifted” from another paper, with a few lines sufficiently long to make them appear “fair comment on a matter of public interest,” and avoid an action for infringement of copyright. And, secondly, a book of American humour may be secreted in a drawer unknown to the proprietor.

Then there are the correspondents. They are of course, as a rule, hopelessly insane. There is the maniac who relates the story of his little son “funnier than anything I have ever seen in *Punch*,” who “has tried to get this joke into the papers for years, and is determined to do it before he dies,” who “wrote for the paper twenty years ago” (until he was dismissed for drunkenness) “and would like to do a little work again” (being now too far decayed to work for anybody else.)

Say three men are employed on a light column. One may be more or less trusted to break down each morning. It is extraordinary how one day the process of extracting points from the news is as laborious as that of extracting gold from sea-water, while on another the papers seem to sparkle with them. It is fatal to dream. Browsing vacantly over paper after paper induces a curious hypnotic state, in which the power to write paragraphs is paralysed.

Hurry is therefore rather an advantage than otherwise. The watch ticking on the table before you, the printer’s boy informing you that the paper has never been kept so late in its existence—which he does about three times a week—act as tonics. The brain becomes more acute. Leader-writers find the same stimulus in being behind time. Work can be done at an amazing rate. On one paper I knew, short poems of three long verses were regularly done between ten o’clock and twenty minutes past. Think of that, ye amateurs who spend three weeks on a four-lined epigram, with the assistance of all your relations and the local curate!

Finally, it is an axiom—especially among people who have never seen any humorists—that they are profoundly melancholy. I dispute this. In some cases their melancholy has led them to become humorists, as a relief. Of course, their readers may be melancholy. Most people in this country *are* melancholy, and have reason to be. The only trait of the humorist visible to the naked eye is a sensitive and nervous disposition, as far as I can observe, and I have seen a good many.

HILL ROWAN.

The catalogue issued by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths’ Company, Limited, 112 and 110, Regent Street, is a most elaborate volume artistically bound in green and white with gold lettering. The Company, always ready to keep pace with modern ideas, have discarded wood blocks altogether, and have adopted the half-tone process for the illustrating of the book, with the most admirable results. The volume, which is full of new and original designs in diamond and gem jewellery and silver work, is issued in five editions, (1) complete catalogue dealing with every department of the business,



THE “STRAP” BOWL AND BEAKERS PRESENTED TO LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD BY THE BOARD OF CONSOLIDATION FOR THE COAL TRADE OF THE FEDERATED DISTRICTS.

The gift was made in recognition of Lord James of Hereford’s unflinching courtesy and his wise and impartial discharge of the duties of the Chairman of the Board of Consolidation for the coal trade from 1898 until the present time. The bowl and beakers were designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths’ Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.

(2) diamond work and jewellery, (3) silver and electro-plate departments, (4) watches and clocks, (5) dressing-bags; and each division is equally interesting and equally valuable. The Company will forward a complete catalogue, or any portion of it, post free to any part of the world on application.

The launch of the *Dreadnought* is capitally shown in a moving-picture display entitled “Our Navy and Army,” a series of well-chosen and amusing scenes in the daily life of our sailors and soldiers, just now attracting crowded audiences to the Town Hall, Leyton. It is the production of Mr. Alfred West, F.R.G.S., and a better entertainment for children could not be devised.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 7.*

## PARLIAMENT AND THE MARKETS.

THE Stock Exchange is now face to face with the various apprehensions that have dogged its markets since the time when a possible Liberal Government became a practical force in politics. For the idleness of markets during the past six weeks politics are largely to blame, and the check which still binds business within a narrow circle—despite the prosperity of trade throughout the country—has uncertainty of Parliament for its inspiration. Public hands would probably have been stretched out to buy even South African shares after the fall, had it not been for the hesitancy of people generally with regard to the unknown quantity of the Liberal policy respecting the Transvaal. Home Rails could scarcely have escaped attention were the Labour Party less prominent. As the result of the General Election, the Stock Exchange feels no quickening of the financial pulse, no direct strengthening of confidence in its markets. Only Consols and their satellites withstand the somewhat nervous tone which absence of business daily accentuates; and in the case of Consols, it is sentiment rather than orders that props up the price—sentiments of bullishness with regard to cheapening money, and Liberal retrenchment with its anticipated corollaries.

## AMERICANS AND KAFFIRS.

Had there been any bull account worthy of mention in the American and the Kaffir Markets, other departments round the Stock Exchange could hardly have failed to be sympathetically affected in a pronounced degree. But London for some time past has dealt with exceeding great caution in Americans, while, as regards the Kaffir Circus, the bears "have it" in every section of the market. Consequently the House can afford to look on with some amount of equanimity at the flatness of Kaffirs and the wavering of Americans. There may be a little trouble at the coming settlement: it will be surprising if there is not, for the South African slump has hit what stale bulls remained very badly. After the account is out of the way, we may see a slight revival of speculative activity in Yankees and Kaffirs; to the moneyed man, the latter look the more attractive after their heavy slump. There are many dividend-payers which at last assume an air of cheapness. We cannot put the case more strongly than this, because it is impossible to burke the fact of the public being thoroughly weary of Kaffirs, thoroughly resolute to have nothing more to do with them. Yet Robinson Central Deeps pay nearly 10 per cent. on the money. New Comets are about 2, and lately ex-2s. 6d. a share dividend; Anglo-French at the same price *cum* a probable distribution of half-a-crown, unless market gossip lies; while a study of the list of Kaffirs reveals many examples of shares that pay from 5 to 10 per cent. on the money. Even East Rands carry a dividend of four shillings a share in the price, and Rand Mines below 6½ ought to be cheap. The shares should be taken up, and, for a time, forgotten.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He was examining the frescoes in the Royal Exchange, preparatory to a visit to his broker.

"That thing presented by the Stock Exchange?" he cried, half incredulously. "It's a fine painting, but the subject, man!—the subject!"

His friend agreed that there was apparently little connection between the signing of the Charter for the incorporation of the Bank of England, and the Stock Exchange in the twentieth century.

"Stock Exchange men don't always manage things well," he commented, as they passed into Threadneedle Street. "Look at their Official List."

"The newspapers are always down on it for one reason or another. The latest is the unpunctuality in its delivery."

"So?"

"Yes; but the *Times* has privately called the Committee to order with a piquant suavity that made them promise to amend their ways."

"Rather undignified," quoth The Stroller, "for an institution like the Stock Exchange to be dictated to by any newspaper, however influential."

"Very, I think. But since at least two of the Committee themselves write for the newspapers, what can you expect? Fact."

"I don't believe it. You know their names? Well, I don't, so if you were to tell me—"

He narrowly escaped utter destruction at the hands, or rather, the scaffolding, of some workmen who were coming out of Capel Court.

With the true spirit of the free-born Briton, one of the workmen turned round and gave Our Stroller a picturesque description of his private opinions about people who don't look where they're going to, with particular and circumstantial references to the case in point.

The cabmen gathered round, and the pigeons stopped to listen, and all the horses turned their heads in our friend's direction. The air was charged with drama of the heaviest type.

The small boy saved the situation.

He was standing, a diminutive atom, close to his father, the bricklayer, when all at once he slipped, and the quart pot of beer went flying. So did its contents.

The Stroller deftly stopped the fresh torrent of abuse by giving the little lad a shilling, with an injunction to get the pot re-charged and to keep the change.

"That's what I call a real live gennelman," said the mollified parent. "Good day to you, Sir."

The Stroller stepped out of sight with a certain amount of relief, and said good-bye to his friend at the corner of Throgmorton Street.

"No, nothing doing," a dealer in Shorter's Court told him. "New York's as idle as we are, which is saying a lot."

"They don't seem to support them now as they did a few months ago."

"I think myself that the game's over for a bit," another chimed in.

"You never know," a fourth told them. "Steels are as vigorously tipped as ever from Wall Street. Look here!" and he held out a pink cable-slip.

"Time to stand away from the market," the first jobber declared.

"Nothing to make things better."

"Except that blessed fact itself."

"Something in that, of course. I must be off. Good night," said Our Stroller.

He passed a little group discussing the respective merits of Trunks and Canadas.

"Canadas are too high, apart from the bad practice of raising new capital at par. Whereas Trunks are moving on their dividend prospects."

"Specially Ordinary," remarked a facetious spirit.

"Thirds are earning their full 4 per cent., with a bit over."

"And Ordinary are about as near a dividend as Dover 'A.'"

"An excellent argument in favour of Trunks, seeing that they are half the price of Dover 'A.'"

The defeated arguer tried to change the subject.

"Thirds will go to 70 and Ordinary to 30," said their first supporter.

"Whether Yankees break or not?"

"If Yankees break, Trunks may keep in baulk a bit, but they'll force a pace for themselves sooner or later. See if—"

"Aha, here you are!" and The Stroller wheeled round into his broker's arms. "I was just off to tea."

They were soon seated at one of the green-topped tables in the Oak Room.

"Tea and toast for two," ordered the broker. "Now, look here, about that investment you wrote of. How much interest d'you want?"

"Something absolutely safe is the first consideration. Then, it must pay between 3½ and 3¾ per cent."

"Grand Trunk Pacific 3 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds have the full guarantee of the Canadian Government, and stand at 90. They were brought out by Rothschilds last year at 95."

"And are 5 discount?"

"M. Rather curious, isn't it. But there's all the better scope for a rise. Coupons J. and J."

"What d'you mean?"

"Payable First of January and July. That was another singular thing. The prospectus said that interest would be paid in April and October, but afterwards the dates were changed to J. and J."

"Rothschilds paid —"

"Oh, yes, of course: the odd amount was duly made up. Pay you £3 6s. 8d. on the money, and there's no stamp-duty."

"What do you think of Canadian Pacific stocks? Those that come in front of the Ordinary, I mean."

"The 4 per cent. Preference at 106½ is full of dividend, and pays over 3¾ per cent. on the money."

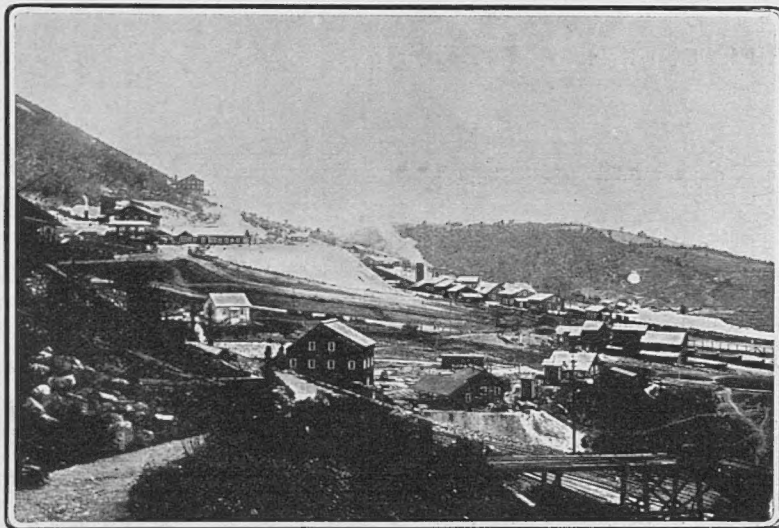
"And the Debenture?"

"At 110 pays—half a second—rather more than 3½ per cent."

"Both sound?"

"By Jove, yes! Debenture is the higher-class stock, of course, but the other is perfectly good."

"I'll put those three things down. Anything fresh in the Kaffir Market?"



THE ESPERANZA MINE, LOOKING NORTH.



"Nothing. But if those big houses don't catch the bears before very long, my name's not—"

And he brought down his fist with a bang that made the crockery fairly jump. "Bill, please, waiter."

The startled attendant handed him the bill, and the two friends left the table.

#### THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

So many of our readers are interested in this Company that no apology is needed for referring to the report just issued and about to be presented to the annual meeting. Englishmen may well be proud of the way in which the big British Life Insurance Companies have, without scandal and without much outward display, conducted businesses of very large dimensions for the last fifty years, and the more so when they look across the Atlantic and consider the revelation of American methods which the last twelve months has brought to light. Of all the big English companies few have a better story to tell than the National Provident Institution, and the year ending Nov. 20th last is but a repetition of many that have preceded it. The Company is very active, and during the year has issued 1,445 new policies, covering £601,972, and its premium income on new business amounted to over £29,000. The mortality experience of the office has been most favourable, and amounts to only 75 per cent. of what might have been expected according to the tables in current use, while the accumulated funds now amount to £6,259,904—no bad security for the policy-holders.

Upon a policy and investment income of over £711,000, the expenses of management amount to £31,683, and even if agents' commission is added, only total £47,853, or about 6·7 per cent.—by no means a bad rate for such a business. The Company does a small amount of annuities, but in comparison with its life assurance figures the amount need hardly be taken into account. The chairman will have an easy and pleasant task on the 23rd instant, when he meets the members and presents so favourable a statement of account.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1906.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G.—We doubt if the Orange Free State diamond concern will do you much good, at any rate for a long time. The American mine is a fair speculation.

WEYMOUTH.—Write to the Council of Foreign Bondholders, and ask what they think about the Costa Rica chances of a settlement.

KITCAR.—The Bank shares are quite safe, and return a fair rate of interest. Unless you want the money for other purposes we see no reason to sell at a loss.

PHILHARMONIC.—The Bahia Blanca Pref. stock owes its value to the guarantee of interest by the B.A. and Pacific Railway Company, gradually rising from 3 to 4½ per cent. The stock will go to 95-100 as the interest rises; but it may take years, and meanwhile the return is low. The Pref. stock of the Villa Maria and Rufino Company has the same guarantee and is cheaper. There is more room for a rise in the Villa Maria stock than in the Grand Trunk Guaranteed.

NERVOUS.—It is quite possible to invest the money to get 4 per cent. Distribute it over the following: (1) Villa Maria and Rufino Railway Company Preference stock (interest guaranteed by the B. A. and Pacific Company); (2) City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds; (3) Trustees and Executors 4½ Preferred stock.

F. A.—The Colliery looks pretty hopeless, but in these things big profits or big losses are made. There are large arrears of Debenture interest to clear off, and unless you have information from people behind the scenes, we do not advise purchase of either class of share except as a long shot.

CORNWALL.—Trustees and Executors Ordinary stock would suit you, or United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures.

QUARTZ.—We like best Ivanhoe, Sons of Gwalia, and Great Boulder Proprietary. For a long shot, Gwalia Consolidated. The fall in Sons of Gwalia is very small, and as they are just ex-div. and the whole Mining Market is depressed, need cause you no alarm. The mine is all right. The New Zealand concern is a general tip, but we have no faith in it.

SENE.—The Kaffir Market is so upset over politics and what is going to happen in the Transvaal that we do not expect a revival of prices yet. A dividend is possible, but only the Barnato group can tell you if it will come off. To sell and go in lower down would probably be the cheapest, but it is a pure gamble.

E. M. B.—Your letter has been answered.

#### CARL HENTSCHEL, LIMITED.

THE Report and Statement of Accounts for the year ending Dec. 31 show a gross profit on trading and dividends on investment account of £16,406 15s. After the payment of all outgoings, including administration charges, managing director's salary, and directors' fees, and setting aside reserve for discounts, depreciation, etc., £2821 13s. 10d., there remains, with the balance brought into the account, the nett amount of £5269 12s. 8d. A 6 per cent. dividend on the Preference shares and an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for the half year ending June 30 last having been paid, the directors recommend a final dividend of 13 per cent. for the half-year ending Dec. 31 on the Ordinary, making 9 per cent. for the year, and carry forward £1066 5s. 6d. to the next account. Since the formation of the business into a Company seven years ago it has made steady progress, and paid an average dividend for that period of 8 per cent. per annum. The amount carried forward this year—£1066 5s. 6d.—is nearly double that of any previous year.

The report points out that it is generally admitted that the process works of Carl Hentschel, Limited, constitute the largest process engraving establishment in the world. The names of Carl Hentschel, Meisenbach, and Hentschel-Colourtype are recognised throughout the trade as pioneers of process-work in line, half-tone and colour, and form in themselves a very valuable asset to the proprietors. The fact that the Company has a large interest in Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited, has been an important factor in the successful development of the Hentschel Colourtype process.

Last year the Colourtype Company paid 6 per cent. on its Preference shares and 8 per cent. on its Ordinary, and carried forward £1025, after writing off heavy legal and other charges, and placing £500 to reserve. Carl Hentschel, Limited, being largely interested in this and the Meisenbach Company, the Board consider that the general business will be strengthened by the consolidation of the three into one large Company. A resolution embodying these propositions will be submitted to the shareholders at the forthcoming general meeting.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The racing at Warwick will be of fair average class; the following may go close:—Buddbrook Hurdle, Sir Hector; Warwick Steeplechase, The Lawyer III.; County Hurdle, Kibrit; Debdale Flat Race, Extravagance; Coventry Steeplechase, Cabal; Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase, Kepler. At the Haydock Park Meeting I think Baron Crafter will win the February Hurdle-Race, and Bombay should capture the Club Hurdle-Race. For the Friday Selling Steeplechase I like Lord of the Vale. The Great Central Steeplechase should be won by Kiora, and the Earlstown Hurdle-Race by Herbert Vincent. The Urmston Hurdle-Race looks good for Little Sprout. There should be some capital racing at Lingfield, where some of the following may go close: Southern Steeplechase, Australasia; Gravetye Manor Hurdle-Race, Airlie; February Hurdle-Race, Addlestone; Lingfield Steeplechase, Delgarry; Amateurs' Steeplechase, Little Tom; and Cobham Hurdle, Twyford Lad.

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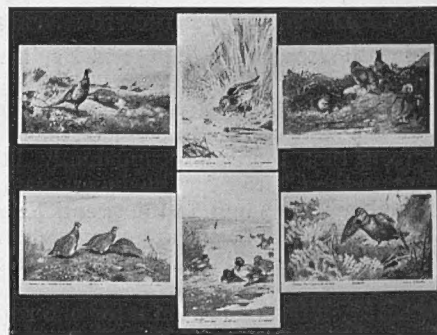
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